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HON. JACOB COLLAMER, OF VERMONT.

We present to our readers this week another portrait and biography of a distinguished gentleman, whose life has furnished the world with something more than a bare recital of official distinctions—one who has not only been honored with some of the highest gifts in the possession of his countrymen, but has won their confidence by his own unaided industry, energy, and talents.

Mr. Collamer was born in Troy, New York, in 1792; his father was a native of Scituate, Massachusetts, and his mother was of the nation who founded the Empire State.—While he was very young his father removed from Troy to Burlington, Vermont. The elder Collamer was a mechanic, and designed and built several of the churches and other edifices in Burlington. He seems to have been one of those sensible, industrious, plodding persons who possess the respect of their neighbors, maintain their families decently, furnish their children with a moderate education, and then pass away, apparently having lived very uneventful lives; when, in fact, they may have laid the foundation of important deeds, by the principles of sobriety and rectitude with which they have indoctrinated their offspring. The father of our subject could furnish him only with an ordinary education; and when that was accomplished he entered the University of Vermont, boarding at home, and defraying his expenses by laboring and teaching in his vacations. This carried him up to his eighteenth year, when he graduated at the university. Leaving college, he removed to Franklin County, in the same State, and began the study of law. While engaged in this preparation for his profession the war of 1812 broke out, and Mr. Collamer received a subaltern's commission. He served during the first campaign of the war, and was also present at the Battle of Bladensburg. In common with all who served in what has been styled the "second War of Independence," he was put to great straits for want of the pay due from the republic, whose coffers were empty. Badly fed, and in actual need of clothing, he remained in the service of his country till he was entitled to return to more peaceful avocations. He was admitted to the practice of the law in Franklin County in 1813. For some time he was employed in copying accounts for the army, and in collecting the war taxes. At this period he aspired to no higher professional position than that of "a collecting attorney;" but one of those apparently trifling events occurred to him, which often prove to be the turning-point in the history of a life. In the same village in which he had taken up his residence there was another young lawyer, who had the wisdom to perceive that the place was not large enough for the support of both, and the prudence to devise a plan by which each of the new beginners might be benefited. He proposed a partnership with Mr. Collamer, with the understanding that one of the parties should remove to Windsor County, where a lucrative practice was about to be abandoned by Mr. Chase, who had been elected to the United States Senate. As Mr. Collamer was to take the practice in Windsor County, his partner agreed to carry him over to his new field of operations, and on the way they were to begin their joint business by defending a schoolmaster who was to be tried before a magistrate for inflicting undue punishment upon a scholar. Up to this time so diffident was he, and so little conscious of the remarkable logical faculty which nature has bestowed upon him, that Mr. Collamer had never supposed it possible he could plead a case. Exhilarated by his winter ride, however, and really feeling strongly interested for his *half*-client, he made a speech—his first—which not only gained his case, but spread his fame all over the county. On that day, before a magistrate's court, he placed his foot upon the lowest round of a ladder which he has ever since been continually mounting. His practice gradually increased, and he was soon elected a member of the Legislature, in which capacity he served for several years. Mr. Collamer was remarkable for the industry with which he pursued his professional business at the period of which we are now writing; he has been known to argue every cause in Windsor and Franklin counties during the whole term of six weeks, passing rapidly from one court to another, and arranging his pleas while *in transitu.* Such untiring industry, united to a most strictly upright character, in a few years won for him a fame and popularity of which he seems to have been hardly conscious; for he was so utterly surprised by his appointment to the important position of Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, in 1833, that it was some time before he could make up his mind to accept it; at last his health, which was being undermined by his close application to a counsel's duties, turned the scale, and he became Judge Collamer.

He remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1841, when he resigned that position and returned to practice. He was first elected to Congress as a member of the House of Representatives in 1843. He was continued in this dignity, by re-elections, until 1849, when he declined any further occupancy of his seat, and again returned to private life; but not to remain long unoccupied with public affairs, for when General Taylor was elected to the Presidency, in forming his Cabinet he selected Mr. Collamer for the responsible position of Postmaster-General. He retained that post until July, 1850, when, owing to the death of President Taylor, and the consequent elevation of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, Judge Collamer and other members of the Cabinet resigned. He again returned to Vermont, and was immediately restored to his old seat on the Supreme bench, a position which he continued to fill with distinction until 1854, when he was appointed to the United States Senate for six years from the 4th of March, 1855, a dignity which he now fills with great honor to himself and credit to the State he represents.

Mr. Collamer has taken an active part in the Kansas debate in Congress; he was the reporter of the minority of the Committee on Territories, to which the Lecompton Constitution was referred.

In person, Judge Collamer is of medium height, with a slight, scholar-like stooping of the shoulders. His voice is as clear as a silver bell, and, when he is warmed with his theme, it rings throughout the Senate chamber with wonderful clearness and force. His talents, it is unnecessary to say, are of no mean order; and the best evidence of his scholarship is the fact that he has twice had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him—once by his *alma mater*, the University of Vermont, in 1849, and, more recently, by Dartmouth College. But his peculiar and distinguishing trait is the possession of a logical power which is absolutely mathematical in its operations; his logic is that of a steel-trap; tread ever so lightly on his postulates, and his sequences instantly spring upon you, and hold you in an unyielding grasp. Repeatedly declining office, he is one of the few public men upon whom distinctions are thrust. His official positions have been unsought by himself, and have been conferred by the people of the district composed of Windsor and Franklin counties.

A distinguished journalist, who has been connected with public life in Washington for over thirty years, says that he has never seen in any man the same wonderful gift (for it amounts to that) of logic which Mr. Collamer possesses. Add to this a large fund of anecdote, a personal bearing which indicates a thoroughly-conscientious set of motives, an eye that at times sparkles with keen intellectual light, and a private character upon which there is no spot, nor the slightest approach toward any of those vices from which, we regret to say, even our legislators are not always free, and into which, with many, the labor, excitement, and temptation of a Congressional career prove the *facilis descensus Averni*, and the reader has at once the secret of his success and the portrait of Hon. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont.

HON. JACOB COLLAMER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—[Photographed by Brady.]

HOME AND REST.

CHILD, do not fear;
We shall reach our home to-night,
For the sky is clear,
And the waters bright;
And the breezes have scarcely strength
To unfold that little cloud,
That like a shroud
Spreads out its fleecy length.
Then have no fear,
As we cleave our silver way
Through the waters clear.

Fear not, my child!
Though the waves are white and high,
And the storm blows wild
Through the gloomy sky;
On the edge of the western sea
See that line of golden light
Is the haven bright
Where Home is awaiting thee.
Where, this peril past,
We shall rest from our stormy voyage
In peace at last.

Be not afraid;
But give me thy hand, and see
How the waves have made
A cradle for thee.
Night is come, dear, and we shall rest;
So turn from the angry skies,
And close thine eyes,
Lay thy head upon my breast:
Child, do not weep,
In the calm, cold, purple depths
There we shall sleep!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

A BANKRUPT LAW.

TO use the mildest term, the President is unlucky. He tried to have Kansas admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, and failed. He tried to obtain an increase of the army, and did not succeed. He narrowly escaped having his Appropriation Bills rejected. Many of his appointments "hang fire" in the Senate. His first endeavor to obtain leave to make war on Paraguay failed. And now, at this late day, he can not persuade the Judiciary Committee of the Senate to report a Bankrupt Bill—though he expended much eloquence in his Message to establish the need of such a measure.

True, the minority of the committee, at least half of which consists of Senator Toombs, of Georgia, have reported a Bankrupt Bill. There is nothing in the bill deserving of special remark. It is framed on the plan of the Bankrupt Law of England, and of the old Bankrupt Act which followed the revulsion of 1837. It is very long and elaborate, and would necessarily, if it became a law, give rise to interminable lawsuits.

The Senate heard the title of the bill read, but declined to hear any more. This course would have been more surprising had the Senator enjoyed a larger measure of general public confidence. Senator Toombs has the misfortune to be generally known as a loose fish in politics, and not particularly a sound authority on legal or social questions. His fame chiefly rests on his reported wish to call his slave-roll within sound of Bunker Hill, and on a vehement denunciation of the Puritans delivered in Faneuil Hall. In Congress his services have been slender. While some of his Southern colleagues have borne the heat and burden of the practical legislation of the country, Senator Toombs has served as a light skirmisher in harassing the flank of the enemy with vexatious attacks. He has served the Democratic party in this humble capacity with the more zeal and bitterness as he was only admitted to their ranks as a deserter. His chiefs have never labored under any delusion as to his capacity; but they have been willing to use him, just as, in the war of 1812, the Irishman Henry was used by Mr. Madison.

It is necessary to bear these facts in mind in order to form a judgment upon the action of the Senate in refusing to hear his bill read. Had the bill been presented by Mr. Mason or Mr. Hammond, or Mr. Iverson or Mr. Slidell, or Mr. Johnson or Mr. Brown, it would have been read and debated as a matter of course. It is no uncommon thing for a legislative body to espouse the views of the minority of a committee. Only a few days ago, the House of Representatives took open ground in favor of the minority of the Kansas Committee. Had Senator Toombs possessed any substantial claim to the confidence of the Senate, his bill would have been duly read and debated.

But it is as well as it is. There can be no question but the last Bankrupt Act was an error. A new Bankrupt Act would be equally inexpedient. We require no Bankrupt Acts, and will have none.

The idea of legal bankruptcy grew out of the harsh and cruel laws against debt which were in force in Europe until late years. Under those laws, a creditor could imprison his debtor for the term of his natural life unless the debt were paid. The manifest injustice of this rule, when applied to the case of an honest but unfortunate trader, led to the invention of a safety-valve, which was called legal bankruptcy; by the aid of which an insolvent, who established his quality as a trader, could, on surrender of his effects and on proof of his good faith, obtain a legal discharge from his debts. That it was a sensible, humane, and politic system, no one who is conversant with the old common law of England can doubt.

But in this country the case is different. Here we know no imprisonment for debt. Here the creditor has no power to oppress his debtor. On the contrary, it is the creditor who is at the mercy of the debtor. A man may assign away his effects, run into debt, and laugh at his creditors. Certainly, no one who is acquainted with our civil code can pretend that the debtor requires fresh protection. On the other hand, it is obvious that no Bankrupt Law, however carefully framed, would avail to secure to the creditor the entirety of the effects of his dishonest debtor. We are too smart a people to run the risk of being forced to pay our debts. Those among us who propose to pay will do so without legal intervention; those who do not will take good care to arrange matters so that no legal compulsion shall be competent to strip them of their property. The effect of a Bankrupt Law would simply be this: the honest insolvent would never take advantage of it, because neither he nor his creditors would be gainers thereby; but the fraudulent insolvent would carefully assign over his property, and then would get a friend to put him in bankruptcy.

These principles are well understood by all persons engaged in business. We are glad to see that the majority of the Senate committee realize their justice. The fair dealing community need be under no apprehension about a Bankrupt Law; it will not pass. President Buchanan must eat humble pie once more.

ANOTHER MURDERER TO BE PARDONED?

MARION IRA STOUT, a common jail-bird, and a man of notoriously bad character, recently murdered his brother-in-law, in the neighborhood of Rochester, was tried, and convicted of the crime. The offense was characterized by circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The murdered man was the husband of the murderer's sister. Between the brother and sister such intimacy and affection existed that they occupied, in the absence of the murdered man, the same bed, and were associates in the deed of murder. Into the inferences which flow naturally from the facts disclosed on the trial no decent person will care to enter; those facts alone shed a lurid light upon the hideous depravity which clouds the social relations of the culprits.

The murderer has been found guilty. The trial was conducted with the utmost fairness and care. The court was scrupulously solicitous that the privileges of the defense should be ample and unabridged. Nothing was left undone which could have been done by the counsel for the defense; neither forensic skill nor legal knowledge were wanting to secure an acquittal. They failed; and the convicted murderer now awaits his doom.

It is understood that he will escape the lawful sentence of death. He has published a letter in which he accuses his victim of maltreating the sister whose purity he (at all events) endangered, and boldly announces his opinion that a man who maltreats his wife may be killed by any friend of hers. He is not alone in his views. Rochester, which is famous as the birthplace of that most disastrous delusion called spirit-rapping, has also given birth to a number of women who, it is understood, justify the murder of Littles, and vindicate the conduct of Stout. The shirtless Frenchmen who sing raving nonsense about Orsini are not more unconscious of legal obligations than the ladies of Rochester and its vicinity. In their eyes the murderer Stout is a hero, and his victim a just sacrifice to the rights of women. Not content with celebrating the deed in ungrammatical prose, they have chanted it in unmelodious and halting verse.

There is no reason to doubt but they will succeed with Governor King. It has been the peculiar privilege of that official to disgust his friends and to justify his enemies. Every prominent act of his gubernatorial career has added to the load which his party in this State has to shoulder. Six years of such administration as his would utterly extinguish the Republicans in New York. Especially has he been noted for his adherence to that mischievous sect which seeks the defeat of our criminal code. Other Governors have exercised the power of pardoning indiscreetly; Governor King has prostituted it. Foolish men, in his position, have more than once exasperated the public by conspiring with criminals to defeat the ends of justice; but he is the only Governor who has ever stretched a protecting hand over a villain convicted of simultaneous rape and murder. We have no doubt, therefore, of the success of the appeal which is being made by the ladies of Rochester on behalf of Ira Stout. Should they carry their point, we will venture to suggest that a neat and appropriate sequel to the pardon would be the appointment of the pardoned convict to one of the many commissions which have been devised by the Governor and his friends for the maintenance of broken-down country politicians at the cost of the City of New York.

THE "SICK MAN" IN ANOTHER AGONY.

THE famous "sick man" of Europe—the Sublime Porte—is once more in trouble. This time his antagonist is not Turkey, but England. In the first place, Great Britain has seized the Island of Perim, over which Turkey pretends to exercise, if not rights of dominion, at least a sort of protectorate. Against this the Sultan is confidently expected to protest; and it is generally supposed in Europe that he will obtain the sympathy and support of all the Continental parties to the Treaties of Paris. But another grievance is likely to give the "sick man" still more trouble.

For centuries Turkey has been the only slave-holding State of Europe. Ever since the Moslem first overran the Greek Empire slavery has been one of the most conspicuous institutions of Turkey. It is a different kind of slavery from that which obtains in the Southern States. Turkish slaves may be of any race, and of any color; English and French women have been frequently held as slaves in the harems of Constantinople. It is not a self-supplying system, but depends upon annual supplies from abroad; the facilities for the emancipation of slaves are unbounded, and, on the whole, the condition of slavery is not less favorable to advancement, in the case of ambitious men, than any apprenticeship or clerkship in Anglo-Saxon countries.

Ten or fifteen years ago, Russia, moved by considerations of policy as well as humanity, undertook to suppress the trade in Circassian and Georgian boys and girls. A treaty was signed with the Porte with a view of preventing their importation. It was, of course, violated by the Turks, and the Russians have had their hands full with the task of suppressing the traffic. Latterly it has been suggested to the English that the importation into Turkey of Georgians and Circassians was insignificant in comparison with the influx of African slaves. It has been shown that the chief export of Morocco and other African States is negro slaves of both sexes. And it has been argued that Great Britain, as the chief maritime power of Europe and the especial ally of Turkey, owes it to herself to put a stop to a system which is, at least, contrary to her settled policy.

It is understood that the present British Government has adopted these views, and that measures are about being taken to prevent the export of slaves from Morocco, Abyssinia, and other African States. Should the design be persevered in, before the end of the year the Turks will be reduced to great extremities for the want of labor.

Altogether the "sick man" is in a pretty bad way; if matters do not improve, the Sultan will soon be in a condition to appreciate the old fable of the goose, which, in order to escape the ravenous appetite of the fox, threw itself into the jaws of a hungry wolf.

WAR WITH PARAGUAY.

THERE seems to be a strong prospect that the new Senate resolution, empowering the President to take what measures may be necessary for the settlement of accounts with Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, will pass the House of Representatives by a decided majority. It is urged that a demand for reparation for the outrage committed on the *Water-Witch* unaccompanied by a threat, in case of non-compliance, would merely provoke the derision of the Paraguayan chief.

In the second number of this journal we gave a full account of the State of Paraguay, of its institutions, and of the despot who succeeded Francia in the administration of its government. The bare facts were the strongest possible argument in favor of a liberal use of the cannon in future negotiation with that State.

Paraguay is the Japan of America; with this difference, that it is the mistress of a river which is the only channel of communication between some of the finest parts of South America and the outer world. Lopez, the despotic ruler of the country, has, like his predecessor, Dr. Francia, deliberately resolved upon a policy of excluding foreigners and preventing foreign trade. He considers that his people would be injured if they began to sell their surplus produce and to buy foreign commodities; and by the stringent execution of laws against the exportation of produce, he continues to keep the Paraguayans in a state of perpetual poverty. Like many of the South American chiefs, he is a person of no integrity or honor. He has made a dozen treaties with this and other countries, but has always evaded complying with their provisions. He is ready, at any time, to promise any thing; but it may be taken for granted that he will not perform his promises or depart from his settled policy until he is actually compelled to do so. He is, in fact, one of those sort of persons who can only be expected to act fairly when the stick is raised over his head.

We can hardly be suspected of any unfair designs with regard to Paraguay. All that the most ambitious citizens of this republic could ask would be the right of trading thither on fair and equal terms, and security against such outrages as that of which the *Water-Witch* was the victim. But we owe it to ourselves and to the commerce of the world to secure these small privileges; and the sooner Mr. Buchanan carries the Congressional suggestion into effect, the better will it be for his fame.

WHO MAY BE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES?

Now that Kansas is out of the way, Oregon comes up in due course for admission, and the first point which attracts attention is the clause in the Constitution denying citizenship, under any circumstances or after any term of residence, to negroes and Chinese.

As to the former, the clause is in strict conformity with the Dred Scott decision, which settles the question that negroes can not be United States citizens—though in several Northern States they help to elect the President. But as to the Chinese, the case is different. There never has been any question heretofore of the right of a Chinaman to be naturalized in the same way as an Irishman or a German. Several native Chinese are at the present time citizens of the United States; it is fair to presume that they vote, and it is undeniable that they are useful members of the community in which they reside. In one point of view they remind one of the Jews of the Middle Ages—industrious, orderly, hard-working, money-getting—they are the natural traders of the Pacific shores. Yet it needs no great foresight to perceive that, at no distant day, they will be pariahs throughout our Pacific States.

No one can disguise the dangers which environ the blending of hostile races into one people. Almost every country in the world has been retarded in the great work of development and progress by the struggles of antagonistic races. It is, therefore, easy to understand the opposition of our countrymen on the Pacific to the domiciliation of Chinamen among them on equal terms. At the same time, the precedent established by the Oregon Constitution may hereafter prove a very grave affair. We have several races among us as it is; and some of them are not overwhelmingly popular. If hereafter a new State should propose to deny citizenship to this or that European race, how could Congress—having sanctioned the disfranchisement of Chinamen in Oregon—presume to object? And how could Congress consent to such a principle?

POST-OFFICE DELINQUENCIES.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Mobile, Alabama, complaining of the non-receipt of certain copies of the *Weekly*, which were duly forwarded to the address in question by the publishers of this journal. The failure occurred several times successively. We draw the attention of the Post-office Department to the fact. If the Postmasters desire copies of the *Weekly*, we shall be happy to supply them at the lowest rates; but we would rather they suffered our subscribers' copies to reach their destination safely.

☞ We have to thank the Hon. John Cochrane for Congressional Documents.

THE LOUNGER.

MAY.

MAY-DAY was chilly enough to justify all the sharp things said in modern days about the poets who praise the month. It was a gray, chilly day, but the cherry and plum trees were clouds of blossoms, the grass was green, the borders and garden-plots were bright with early flowers, and the teeming tenderness of the foliage in the woods announced that summer was just at hand.

Something ought to be said for the old poets who have sung so sweetly of May, and that something is, that temperatures may have changed. There was no reason why they should praise May more than June. There was no reason why they should call May soft and sunny, if it were not so. They never would have complimented March in that manner; and it is therefore only polite to believe that May has changed, not that the poets were untruthful. And why, having always been in such close neighborhood with April, should not May have become fickle?

Let this, however, be said for her, even if the suspicion be allowed—the longer she lives the greater is her repentance. If the sweet May is born infected with April, she dies healed by June. If April breathes east winds over her cradle, June flings roses upon her grave. In fact she is so thoroughly changed, that when June is best and brightest we are sure to feel this is just what May meant to be, but it had not learned how.

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

THE Public, which is the most sensible, intelligent, and virtuous of entities, has yet some very droll conceptions of things it ought to understand perfectly well. About once a week—say on Saturday mornings—the Public gets furious at finding the fifth page or the eighth page of one of the de-

lightful daily quarto newspapers covered with only one advertisement.

What the deuce is this? What's this for? What does this —— paper mean?—et cetera, et cetera, bursts out the infuriated Public.

"This," then, is simply this.

The proprietor of a newspaper publishes it to make money for his private and particular benefit. He doesn't print it to please us—the public. In order to make it pay him something he devotes a certain part of it to advertisements; and any body or bodies can have the benefit of as much of that part as they choose to pay for. If they want one line, they can have it. If they want all the lines, they can have them upon proper payment.

If Mr. Smith chooses to hire all the advertising space, and gives it an air of uniformity, why should we all lose our tempers? If we are not advertisers, what particular difference does it make to us?

But if you say we want to read a variety of advertisements, and therefore we shall buy some paper where we can find something else advertised besides Day & Martin's blacking—and if you say, we too are advertisers, and we will not send where we may be excluded or our advertisements practically paralyzed—why, you have a great deal of reason on your side. But why not suppose that the newspaper proprietor understands his business and knows all that as well as you? And so, if the proprietor allows the advertisement to encroach upon his reading matter, he will find that people drop his paper, and it will cease to be a desirable advertising medium.

All this is a matter for the proprietor to determine. It is strictly none of our business. If Stewart chooses to sell gloves at twenty shillings a pair, we shall probably buy elsewhere. But we may as well spare Mr. Stewart our wrath. A newspaper is only a commodity, and when we see men who are, and have been, making fortunes by managing newspapers, it is only modest to suppose that they understand their business.

MORE PICTURES.

There is something very touching in the comely silence of a gallery of new pictures. They hang patiently and calm upon the walls, the idle spectators lounge and gossip and joke before them; prejudice comes to sneer, and ignorance to criticise, and partiality to praise; the swarm floats hither and thither, smiles, bows, chats, and is gone; leaving the pictures behind with their wonderful history unsuspected and unread.

For, if you think of it a moment, how much hope, and care, and longing, and doubt, and regret, and noble ambition, and crushing despair, have entered into these silent pictures, which reveal such secrets only indirectly, and to the mind, not to the eye. The little landscape which you pass with scarcely a glance, or of which you condescend to say, "quite pretty!" or "too green!" or "who ever saw such water!" is, very likely, to the painter the spot of all the earth he loves best, consecrated by associations which shall keep his heart young forever; or it is a work upon which he has privately staked his success, thrown it to the public, as boys pitch coppers into the air, hoping it might fall "heads" and win him the applause that would justify him in continuing his career; or that picture, as it progressed upon his easel, has seen the whole current of his life change, has gained him the smile and the word which are dearer to him than his art; or again, it is the evidence to his own perception that he has not the skill without which no man is an artist, so that the picture is the death-warrant of his own ambition, signed with his own hand. And so on with every picture, through all the varieties of human emotion.

Then, so few of the painters are successful. A few leading men have reputation and commissions. But the great majority of those who make the walls so gay, share the immemorial destiny of artists, do not drive in their own carriages, nor pin their shirts with Koh-i-noor diamonds. And yet no guild in the world is more cheerful, more friendly, or more genial. Of course they have jealousies and hard feelings; of course Puggs, N.A., shrugs his shoulders at Nuggs, A.; and Cobbs, A., is really sorry that Dobbs, N.A., should make such a sad botch of it; but then Puggs and Nuggs and Cobbs and Dobbs have their own opinion of their own works, and that produces a serenity of mind which is invaluable to success in art. What hats they wear, to be sure! And what beards they have! And how high art and long hair go together! And how they rail at the want of sympathy with art and want of knowledge of pictures betrayed in this precious land!

—On the whole, what a vastly superior set we Loungers and critics are, who look at the pictures and talk about "nature," and "handling," and "treatment," and "tone;" and vow that the whole Exhibition is never any thing but "Portrait of a Gentleman" multiplied by three hundred!

Mr. Peele is one of the artists with whom we have only a gallery acquaintance. He lives at present in Liverpool, but every year he exhibits pictures which are always interesting from a genuine sentiment. His *Puck*, some years since, was the best we remember to have seen. Mr. Peele's pictures are always of the same general character. They represent children, usually, under the influence of some romantic or intellectual emotion. Such are No. 98, *The Young Philosopher*, No. 189, *Music of the Reeds*, and No. 591, *The First Sorrow*. The coloring is always the same; rather too chalky and cold, and the drawing is sometimes faulty, as in No. 382, *The Evening Meal*, in which the girl's face is curiously wrenched. But the sentiment carries you at once beyond the execution. *Music of the Reeds* is a little poem. A girl holding in her hand a reed upon which she has been playing, hears the wind singing among the reeds near her, and her face grows weird as she listens, as if she understood the music. There are thought and feeling in this picture, and it is clearly the work of a man of imagination.

This is true, also, of Mr. May's sole picture in the gallery, No. 582, *A Zouave telling the Story of the taking of the Malakoff, in the Garden of the Invalides.* It is by far the best thing we have ever seen from Mr. May. Hitherto he seems to have been entirely overwhelmed by his admiration of Couture; but this work, although French in subject and school, is yet independent and individual. A Zouave, in his African costume, sits before an old Invalide, telling the story of the Crimea with all the French fire. By his side stands another Zouave, and by the side of the old soldier, who is sitting, stands one of his companions leaning upon a cane and listening with all his soul. The special auditor throws up his hat and wooden leg in enthusiastic response; *Vive la France* is the eloquent expression of his whole figure, which is supported by a granddaughter. The other Zouave hears his younger friend with patronizing approbation, while the old Invalide, who is standing, shows an emotion precisely the opposite of his ecstatic comrade, and stands rapt and motionless.

This picture, with Mr. Edmonds's, No. 232, *The Wind-mill*, Mr. Mount's, No. 536, "*Any Fish to-day?*" Mr. Blauvelt's, No. 219, *Warming up*, Mr. Peele's, No. 189, *Music of the Reeds*, Mr. Ehninger's, No. 590, "*Ars celare Artem*," with his series of John Gilpin, and Darley's, No. 362, *The Death of Scipio*, from the Red Rover, are among the few excellent pictures of incident and imagination in the Exhibition.

No. 573, *Gossip*, by Mrs. L. M. Spencer, is one of the characteristic works of this careful and industrious artist, very much elaborated and very incongruous. Many of the details are capitally done, but grace, and harmony, and beauty never appear upon Mrs. Spencer's canvas. The expressions of the faces in this picture are remarkably well done. The proud defiance, the angry hate, the malignant innuendo, are unmistakable. But the child tumbling into the tub, the dog stealing the meat, the boy laughing at his companion's mischance, are all equally conspicuous and important with the chief group.

A FRIENDLY WORD.

"Respected Lounger,—I wish you would tell a poor girl what she can *do* when she wishes to get a good education, and to be somebody in the world, who has not the means to buy books necessary, or to go to school, and who is even obliged by circumstances to remain at home, *seldom* mixing with people *except at church*, and in this way deprived of gaining knowledge and self-confidence enough to enable her to acquit herself rightly and correctly, should she at some future day be thrown into the world. This is my situation, and it *troubles me*. Tell me what I can do, will you not? Many thanks if you will.
Yours, in suspense,
"Charlotte ——."

—Charlotte asks a question most difficult to answer, because there is no rule to be given for a life as a recipe is given for making cake. *How* to be good—what to do to be happy and contented—are questions that were never yet answered, and never will be, satisfactorily in words. Goodness is the secret of content and happiness; but to say "Be good!" is a vague answer to one who is really perplexed in life. In Charlotte's case, if she can not buy books, nor afford to go to school, she is probably constantly engaged at home; and if she wants "a good education," she can only get it by making the time and borrowing the means.

But the other question—how "to acquit herself rightly and correctly"—is a matter of character. Good conduct is a fruit of good character. Good manners ripen from a good heart just as pears and plums ripen upon sound trees. They are exterior signs of an inward process. They draw the sap from the ground—they suck light, and heat, and gas from the air—they breathe with their leaves above, and drink with their roots below, the ground. And so it is with character. From every circumstance and influence, public or private, the character of every individual is absorbing something—assimilating, elaborating, and forming. When any Charlotte sees clearly that patience and self-sacrifice are the most excellent of qualities—that the longing to be like some particular other person, or in some peculiar circumstance—to have this, or to do that—are foolish and secondary things, and that the end of real importance is to be the best person she possibly can be, in the way that her own heart and conscience, which is God in her, and the counsels of all the wise and good of all ages, indicate, she may go into the world fearlessly, and conquer dragons with St. Catherine of Alexandria.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

A legal decision, in which all the gentler sex have the profoundest interest has been lately made in Germany. It is nothing less than the right of the married woman to the inviolability of the seal upon letters addressed to her!

The case itself was very droll. A husband had sued for divorce, and had obtained it, on the ground of infidelity, which was conclusively proved by a letter from the lover. But the undaunted wife immediately turned upon the husband, and sued him for opening a letter addressed to her! And the court decided in her favor, and fined the husband!!

This is a sort of declaration of female independence which may have serious consequences. It implies that the husband and wife are not one. But if it had been decided the other way—that a husband might open his wife's letters—then, of course, she might open his! Upon the whole, therefore, we may believe the Westphalian Judges to have been wise men. For if the opening of a wife's letters may lead to divorce, where would the opening of a husband's probably lead to?

A LITTLE LIGHT.

There is many an honest man who goes in the summer time to Saratoga or Newport, who quietly submits to pay enormous sums of money for a place to sleep in, in the fifth or sixth story; who has plenty of money and plenty of will to spend it freely, but who finds it the hardest thing in the world to get any thing to eat. He seats himself at the dinner-table with a few hundred other people; he is lost in admiration at the military movements of the waiters; delightedly he watches them marching and counter-marching, turning and facing and brandishing dishes, and is especially interested in that spoon, fork, and plate procession which precedes the dessert. But he observes to his dismay, that although the *filets*, and the game, and the *pâtés*, and all the choicest delicacies are planted directly before him, he no sooner reaches forth to appropriate some part of them than they are seized and borne to remote quarters of the table where they are incontinently consumed by other guests.

This mystery often remains unsolved to the unsuspecting stranger, although it is perfectly familiar to every body else; and it is for the unsuspecting stranger that this paragraph is written.

You must understand, then, that when you have paid, as you suppose, every possible demand, there is yet a bill to be paid of which the payment is never asked, but without which you will get nothing to eat. It is, in fact, the little fee to the waiters to bring you, at dinner, something to eat. Every gentleman at table whom you observe so diligently dining, first pays the landlord for the dinner and then the waiter. And the difficulty is that you never know how much your neighbor may have given, and whether, in fact, you have not been overbidden. Of course the waiters take good care that the guests who have not feed them shall not feed themselves!

The Lounger does not advise any guest to martyrize himself by refusing to give to the waiters. The remedy of the matter is in the hands of the landlords. Whenever they absolutely forbid the system and change the position of the waiters at table, so that they shall not serve the same guests every day, the evil will be gradually corrected. But while the present arrangement holds, the honest man must summon the head-waiter at once, give him five dollars, and request an audience of the waiter who is to serve him at table. Present that individual with two dollars, and the promise of more for faithful attendance. In this way you may prevent absolute starvation even at Newport, except in August, when you will probably find it necessary to call in at least two waiters, who, by constant feeing, may contrive to carry you through, emaciated, but still living.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT.

It is nearly a year since Douglas Jerrold died, and the famous authors of England walked to his grave on a soft sunny afternoon. They buried in it all bitterness and difference, and acknowledged that they had lost one of their best comrades. His son Blanchard Jerrold has collected into a volume some of his father's witty, pathetic, and poetic sayings and writings—and it is to be republished in Boston. It will be a good summer book, and we are quite sure many a reader, as he lounges upon shady bank or shore, will be struck by a singular resemblance between the forms of thought and expression of two very different men—Douglas Jerrold and Henry Ward Beecher.

For instance:

"The sweetest bed-fellow is—conscience, conscience. Ha! it's a charming thing to feel her at our heart—to hear her evening song and morning song!"

"Rouge is a darling little fib that sometimes lies like truth."

"The soul is at best as a trained hawk; let it fly as high as it will, there is its master, for the time, with his feet upon the earth; and straightway it drops from the clouds at his feet."

"What is it? A battle-field, with thousands blaspheming in agony about you! Your last moments sweetened, it may be, with the thought that somewhere on the field lies a bleeding piece of your handiwork—a poor wretch in the death-grasp of torture. Truly, that is a bed of greater glory which is surrounded by loving hearts—by hands uplifted in deep yet cheerful prayer. There are thoughts too—it is my belief—better, sweeter far than thoughts of recent slaying, to help the struggling soul from out its tenement."

In almost all Jerrold's humor there is a little touch of bitterness. He wrote the *Caudle Lectures*, and here is his theory:

"Every woman, no matter how divinely composed, has in her ichor-flowing veins one drop, 'no bigger than a wren's eye,' of *Caudle*. Eve herself may now and then have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring it balmily among the rose-leaves."

"Some people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships.

"'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again.'"

"Jerrold said to a very thin man, 'Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point.'"

"Some friends were talking with Jerrold about an eminent litterateur, who was a devoted admirer, and constant companion, of Charles Dickens.

"'In fact,' said one of the friends, 'he is to Dickens what Boswell was to Johnson.'

"'With this difference,' Jerrold replied, 'that —— doesn't do the Boz well.'"

"An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish; and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed, 'Well, sheep's heads forever, say I!'"

"Jerrold, 'There's egotism!'"

"'Well, Talfourd,' said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent judge and author one day near Temple Bar, 'have you any more Ions in the fire?'"

"There is no whet to the appetite like early dew; nothing for the stomach like grass and wild flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning. It was Adam's own salad, and that is why he lived to nine hundred and thirty."

THE GREAT BARITONE.

The greatest baritone upon the stage, Ronconi, is to sing a few times at Burton's. He is a capital operatic actor, and full of gentlemanly humor. The Lounger hopes, that with Madame La Grange and Tiberini, he will let us hear *Don Pasquale*, if only Formes could be had for the *Don*. But would Napoleon Ullman lend a *primo basso profundo* to Bonaparte Maretzek? Could May and December ever agree? Could a rhinoceros be polite to an elephant?

No; we can not have Formes for the *Don*. And whoever goes to hear Ronconi must remember that this voice is not true. Baritones are apt to be false, and Ronconi is the best of baritones!

A HUMBLE PETITION.

The petition of omnibus horses, and of calves and sheep, humbly showeth to the readers of the Lounger that your said petitioners have never disputed the superiority of men, and have given their lives and powers to sustain the human race now for many generations. That they are dumb animals, born to be beasts of burden and to furnish food, they will not undertake to deny—although formerly the philosopher Pythagoras, and recently the poet Shelley, spoke kind words for them, and abstained from harming them. Your petitioners, however, respectfully urge that, if they must serve and support a race of superior animals, it would be a great comfort to them to be practically persuaded of that superiority by some other means than knives across their throats and lashes upon their backs. And to this end, they would humbly ask whether, when your said omnibus horses are broken in wind and limb, and are dying daily, it is decent, or worthy of a superior race, to provide them a course to run upon so slippery that every day nearly one hundred and fifty of them fall upon the pavement, and suffer tortures of which they are not able to complain, prolonging in agony a life of pain; or whether, when your said calves and sheep are being borne to the shambles, where a blow will fit them for the service they are to render to mankind, it is not inhuman to tie them and pile them in panting, suffocating heaps, in a butcher's cart, and drive them over jarring pavements in a burning sun, causing them a thousand-fold more suffering than mere death can cause. They submit that any reader to whom this petition is addressed, if he were about to suffer as Orsini lately suffered, would prefer his usual peace of body until the knife struck his neck.

How imbruting the spectacle of both kinds must be to the public mind your petitioners will not argue. But being, each one of you, as powerful as any other, and able, with the co-operation of others, to avoid this shame and misery, your unhappy slaves, victims, and sufferers, commending themselves to your clemency, will ever pray.

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK."

It is no longer a question whether Jenny Lind will ever sing again in public. She *has* done so. She has given two concerts in Prague, and has gone to Russia to sing at St. Petersburg.

The next question naturally is, Is she likely to come to America?

If she should come, and if she should sing as well as before, would she be as popular—would her residence here be another long and enthusiastic ovation? Clearly not. She would be nearly ten years older—she would be a married woman—she could not bring with her that auroral *prestige* of wonder and novelty which had filled Europe for three or four years; and if she could do all this—if she could come to us the same Jenny Lind—we could not meet her the same public; we should go calmly, now, as critics to hear and judge—not eagerly as lovers, to look and worship. The flower inevitably becomes the fruit; and we might as well hope to gather with the ripe apple the bloom, and perfume, and spring glory of the blossom, as to find in the singer or the actress of to-day the actress and singer of ten years ago.

Grisi, indeed, does not know this, or will not believe it. Giulia Grisi, who touched the hearts of poets into song, twenty-five years ago—who enchanted Europe—who was recalled fifteen times after singing the *Vergine Vezzosa* in the *Puritani*, a quarter of a century ago—can not leave the stage—will not believe her eyes, and her ears, and her voice, and experience, and all her friends, but clings, inadequate, to the scene haunted by the ghosts of dead and almost forgotten triumphs, and, as was lately stated, was singing in *Jullien's Concerts*.

But Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is still in her prime. From her blithe and buoyant spirit the years recoil. Should she come to us again, although the great popular excitement can never be renewed, and the great "public," as we said, would be a critic, not a lover, her welcome, in thousands of hearts, will be unchangeably warm; the pure and profound spell of her presence and voice will be to them, in its return, like the return of this teeming, blossoming, murmurous spring, not less lovely because known before; and they will again declare, as they have never ceased to believe,

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

THE CENTRAL PARK.

Ah! could we only be our own great-grand-children's children how we would ride and drive, and flirt and flaunter in the great Central Park! What unborn dandies will caracole upon unfoaled horses under trees which are not yet seed! What lovely ladies, clad in a fashion of which it entereth not into the mind of this age to conceive, will smile and saunter and be happy along the velvet lawns and the shady groves!

The pictures of all this possibility are to be seen in Broadway—the plans which were presented to the Commission for approval. There is one very elaborate model, and several of the designs are beautifully drawn and colored, and illustrated with views of scenes in the Park "as proposed."

Careful study of the plans will, undoubtedly, confirm the judgment of the Commission. The one selected for the first prize is admirable and masterly. It is impossible, however, not to regret that there can never be but one number one; and we hope sincerely that the result of the exhibition may be such that the unsuccessful designers will receive something for their labors.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXII.

The Route from Philadelphia to Laodicea.—A Hard Ride.—Camp at Hierapolis.—Petrifying Water.—A Gallop to Colosse.—Arrival at Laodicea.—The Ruins of the City.—A Rencontre and a Battle.—The Victory.

EIGHT hours we plunged over the road. Riding it could not be called. We left Philadelphia at six in the morning, thinking to pitch our tents (metaphorically) in Laodicea the same evening. I say metaphorically, for we hoped for better shelter than canvas on our arrival at Eski Hissar, the modern village which represents Laodicea. I don't know how we came to be so deceived about the road and the place. The first was execrable, the last—but I will tell you of that after I have finished the route.

At two in the afternoon Selim broke down. Sir Charles had begun to grumble and mutter English expletives as early as twelve; John Steenburger gave in at one; I stood it half an hour longer; and Selim still encouraged us to keep on, and we kept on. But at two his horse stumbled and threw him four yards into the brush at the way-side, and he arose in wrath unworthy a Bedouin, and then and there cursed the paths of the faithful in these parts of the world.

Selim, you remember, is an Arab from the Deserts of Petra. He has been my constant companion, changing his costume sufficiently to avoid being recognized in places where there might be those who would injure him.

We paused around Selim. He did not mount again, but when he had finished his remarks in general he looked up for an opinion.

Far behind, winding across a plain that was visible below us, we saw the tents and baggage-camels. We had therefore but to sit down and wait their arrival, and our home was here.

There is something delicious in this idea of a traveling home. You get to looking at the tent-pole as one looks at his native roof-tree, and once within the canvas, and the curtain drawn close, what matters it whether outside is Mount Tmolus or Mount Taurus, Hermon or Sinai? What difference does it make whether your servant dips his water from Nile or Jordan, Orontes or Meander?

"A little farther on and there are ruins," said the guide.

A little farther on we rode, and a little farther, and a little farther. These fellows lie like cab-drivers about distances. It was nearly evening when we descended into the valley of the Meander, and again crossed that classical stream whose name has become a word descriptive of its character.

The ruins that we were to find were now before us—the really splendid remains of Hierapolis. But the ruins possess no historical interest. The traveler is much more surprised at the strange and startling appearances of the rock which has almost overgrown them. The warm springs which abound here crystalize in white stone, and overflowing in all directions, cover ruin and road alike with snowy masses. The city is petrified. Every thing is turned to rock. In the night time, with the moonlight shining on it, the surrounding country looked like a vast grave-yard with white monuments, or like a quarry in which the Titans had worked.

We sat down among the ruins and waited the arrival of our luggage-train, which came in the twilight.

TURKISH PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

There were a dozen pilgrims of Brousa, on their way to Mecca, who had come down by way of Al-lakshur, and were thus far on their journey. They surrounded us, as we sat under a triumphal arch which records the glory of some forgotten victory. In the evening they found lodgings in a stone house that I was inclined to think an ancient relic, and sitting around a fire they read aloud from the Koran, and droned old songs and stories in mournfully cheerful tones.

The twilight came on, and still we sat by the arch of triumph. The moon rose full and glorious, and we walked around the theatre, and counted the columns of a superb colonnade, and endeavored to repeople the city.

In the morning I was awake and out early. Sir Charles and Miss Kate were still sleeping. John and myself had a plan in view which we had not communicated to them lest Miss Kate should insist on joining us in it, and we had both of us too much care for her to permit it. The horses were ready. Selim and a guide were waiting for us, and we were in the saddle and away before the dawn was visible over the eastern hills.

Two hours of sharp riding brought us to the spot we wished to see.

Far and wide, scattered over plain and hill, are the ruins of a city once magnificent, once the site of a noble Christian church, now utterly abandoned to wolf and owl, to jackal and wild beasts of the field.

Imagine, if you can, the emotion with which we sat down among the remains of temples and palaces once inhabited by the "saints and faithful brethren which were at Colosse." Imagine, if you can, the thoughts which crowded our brains and found poor utterance from our lips, as our horses sauntered along by fallen columns, and shattered walls, and all the common remains of a once gorgeous city, which had been honored by Paul for its faithful obedience to the ministry of Epaphras. I had had great desire to see the city of the Colossians, and having accomplished that desire I turned my horse's head to the westward and rode swiftly over to Laodicea.

When we came out on the plain we were astonished at finding no human habitations. The desolation of the scene was such that I was sensibly affected by it.

As we came among the ruins from the east, our friends, with the baggage train, arrived from the north, and Miss Grandison came down to meet us at a gallop, lifting her horse gallantly over the fallen stones of the old city.

"Peter, did you ever see a city so totally deserted as this seems? Upon my word I do not believe the wolves live here, and I have not seen so much as a stork's nest. Do you know that this was the church of which John wrote, 'Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth?'"

We sat in a little circle, on our horses, while I read aloud the passages from the third chapter of the Apocalypse. "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich [Alas, poor Laodicea!]; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed [Alas, naked, desolate, and forsaken city!]. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him." How many of the Laodiceans have long ago sat down with Him, to rise up no more!

I can not attempt a description of the ruins. They are like all the other cities of old times in the East, but somewhat more extensive and magnificent than is common. There are two theatres and a grand amphitheatre, and many columns and stones of elegant workmanship; a vast building, which may have been once a City Hall, if they had such buildings; and numerous temples and perhaps Christian churches. The hill and valley are alike covered with remains, and inscriptions half mutilated or wholly illegible may be traced here and there.

We were riding slowly around the ruins of the walls, Steenburger and myself in the rear, Miss Grandison and her father in advance, when we were surprised by a party of natives who made their appearance over a slight eminence, and advanced rapidly toward us.

The leader, a powerful Turk, rode up with an air of authority, sprang from his horse and seized Miss Grandison's bridle, while one of his followers did the same for Sir Charles. The attack was sudden, and might have been alarming had we had the time to think of it in that light. But by a simultaneous impulse, John and myself touched our horses and sprang forward.

How I knocked my man down I can not well say; probably very much as John did, for we were armed alike, and each carried a heavy whip with loaded handle, with which we had practiced at hitting a mark. The two Turks went down like logs, and there were four more left to combat. At these we drew revolvers, and then paused. The two parties stood for a few moments facing each other, the slain lying between.

As yet no word had been spoken. All that I have described had passed in an instant of time.

LAODICEA.

Now, however, the foremost of the Turks spoke, but he might as well have talked Russian for my benefit. I could not understand a syllable, and so the dialogue was left to such interpreters as all nations recognize—the muzzles of pistols and a few signs.

John held my horse while I dismounted, motioning them back till I had examined the two who lay as motionless as Mohammed. The survivors were disposed to forbid my touching them, but a display of the interpreter had a wholesome effect. They shrank back and looked on, while I recalled my surgical knowledge and examined the skulls. Fortunately they were not broken. So I tied their hands together for security's sake, and then, remounting, we motioned to the enemy to precede us toward our tents.

By this time they had gathered courage enough to laugh at us, and one of them commenced to unslinging his long flint-lock gun, a movement to which John Steenburger put a judicious termination by a well-aimed ball that knocked the flint into a thousand pieces before the scoundrel had the weapon fairly in his hands.

"Sharp shot," growled John. "I was afraid of touching his skin; but he isn't harmed if he can raise a copper to buy a new flint."

The scene was now growing serious, as may well be imagined. At the flash of the pistol the others drew their weapons—heavy-handled Mameluke pistols, inlaid with gold and silver.

Sir Charles had conveyed Miss Grandison to the rear as soon as we had released her horse's head from the grasp of the assailant. She protested against being led away, but the united entreaties of all of us, expressed as briefly and distinctly as the circumstances allowed, had overcome her opposition. Her father, therefore, placed her in charge of some of our people whom he met, and at this instant returned at a gallop to the scene, and we were now three to four.

"Hit the horses, John—not the men," I said, and we fired low and just in time. Their huge-mouthed weapons vomited out the lead and fire, but it went over our heads. Two of their horses fell under our fire, and that was the end of the battle. The other two fled without waiting to see the effect of our balls, or to know the fate of their companions.

REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D.

In the portrait-gallery of distinguished Americans with which the pages of our *Weekly* have been graced, there is no one who more finely illustrates the elastic energy of our national character than the learned and eloquent pastor of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of this city. The Rev. Dr. John M'Clintock is a native of Philadelphia, in which city he was born, in 1814, and where his early life was spent. From 1830 to 1832 he was book-keeper in the Methodist Book Concern of this city, then under the charge of the Rev. John Emory. Here he laid the foundation of that knowledge of business which, developed in subsequent life, has given him pre-eminently the character of a practical man. In 1832 he entered the Freshman Class of the University of Pennsylvania, and accomplished the entire curriculum of studies prescribed by the Faculty in three years, graduating, with distinguished honor, in the year 1835. Like most of the clergymen of the Methodist denomination, he began his ministerial life early, preaching his first sermon while yet a student, and serving as pastor of the Methodist Church of Jersey City during the last year of his college course. In 1836 he was appointed to the chair of Mathematics in Dickinson College, which he filled with distinguished ability for several years. Upon the retirement of the Rev. Robert Emory from the Professorship of Ancient Languages in that institution, in the year 1841, Dr. M'Clintock was chosen his successor. So eminent was he in both departments that it was difficult for those who had enjoyed the benefit of his instruction in each to determine in which he excelled. He had the happy art of inspiring with enthusiasm the circle of students gathered around his professorial chair, and of imparting to them some of his own ardor in exploring and mastering the subjects of investigation. Quick of perception himself, and yet unerringly accurate, the stimulating power of his intellect was felt by every mind. While Professor of Ancient Languages he prepared, in conjunction with Professor Crooks, a series of Latin and Greek elementary works which have had a wide circulation. In these the method of combining theory and practice, which has been so successfully employed in teaching the modern languages, is applied to the Latin and Greek with great skill. In the year 1848 he was elected, by the General Conference of the Church, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, to which post he was also re-elected in 1852, upon the expiration of his first term of office. Under his editorial management the *Quarterly* attained a high reputation both in America and Europe. Dr. M'Clintock imparted to his *Review* some of the striking characteristics of his own mind, a profound interest in the metaphysical problems of his time, and a genial sympathy with every species of excellence in science and literature. The philosophical discussions which graced the pages of the *Review* called forth the encomiums of the profoundest minds of the age, while its literary notices were accepted as faultless critical judgments of authors and books. In 1851 he was elected to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University, vacated by the lamented death of Dr. Olin. He declined the call in view of the state of his health at the time. In 1855 he was chosen President of the Troy University, an institution which is soon to go into operation with great promise of success. His final decision with regard to this invitation has not yet transpired. In 1857 he was deputed, with Bishop Simpson, to bear the fraternal greetings of American Methodism to the British Wesleyan Conference. The great interest excited in England and Ireland by the presence of the deputation, and the gathering of crowds to hear their eloquent words, are fresh in the recollection of thousands, both in the Old World and in the New. Upon returning from England, Dr. M'Clintock assumed the pastoral charge of the St. Paul's Methodist Church (formerly worshiping in Mulberry Street), to which he had been appointed the previous spring. Here his earnest and eloquent ministry has attracted a crowded auditory.

REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

The subject of our rapid and necessarily brief sketch is a man of rare powers, of large acquisitions, and of great facility in their use. Gifted also with a melodious voice, a pleasing address, and the hearty sympathy with humanity which genuine piety inspires, his pulpit addresses are characterized by the highest order of excellence. In them thorough discussion of the theme chosen is combined with persuasive appeal to the hearer's conscience. He is equally at home upon that more difficult stage, the platform. Always happy in his line of remark, he is always able. But his highest inspirations seem to be called forth in advocating the claims of Christian missions, some of his appeals for which have been efforts of overwhelming power. Few men have so many sincerely attached friends, and no one is more worthy of them.

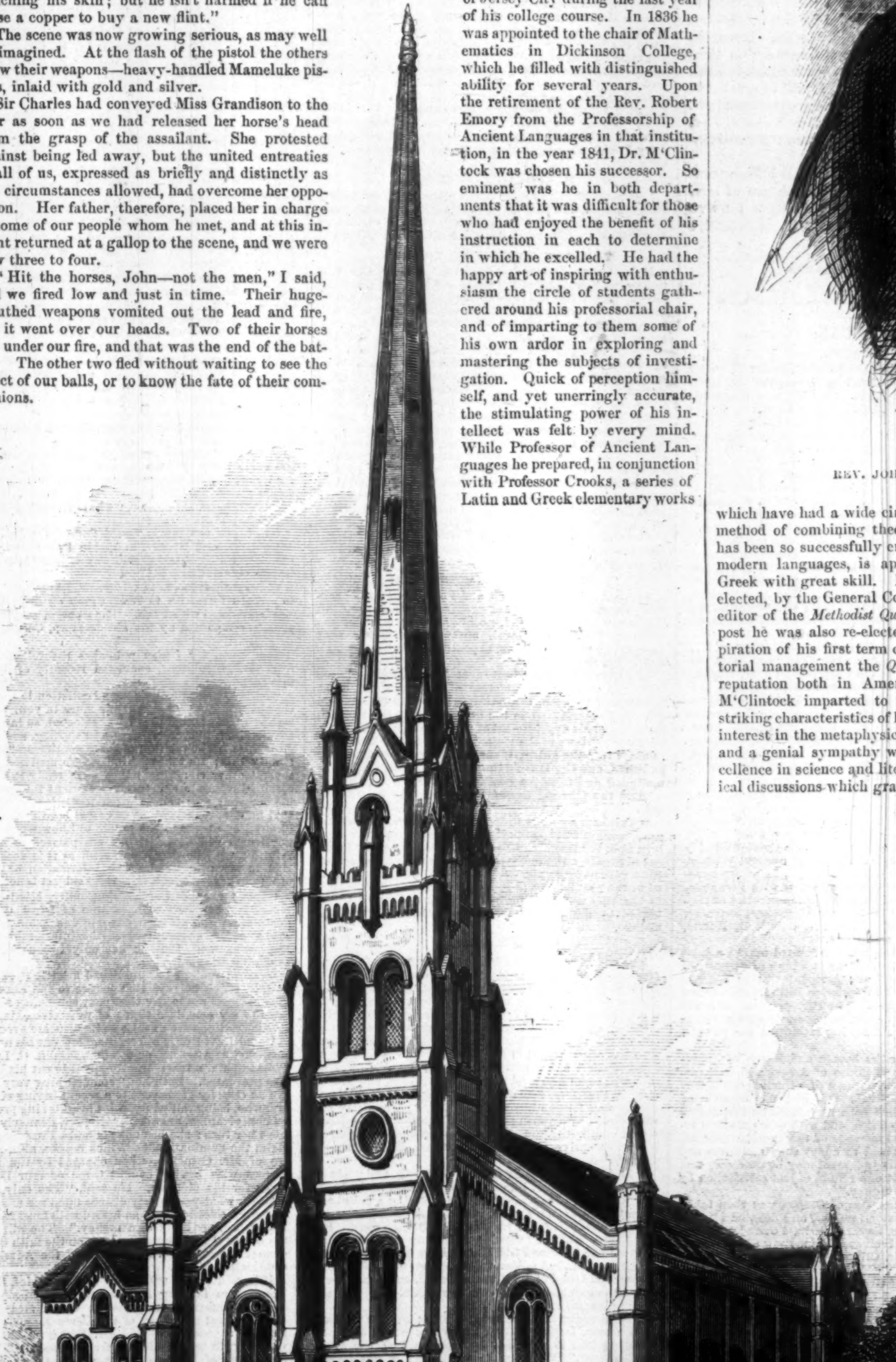
Dr. M'Clintock, in association with Dr. Strong of Flushing, has been for some years engaged in preparing a complete Biblical and Theological Dictionary, which will be a valuable addition to that department of literature, bringing up facts to the latest period of scientific research, and going over the whole field with a thoroughness not before attempted in similar scientific works. He is still in the prime of life, and though troubled with fluctuating health, we trust he will be spared for long years of usefulness to the Church and the world.

Dr. M'Clintock's new church—St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in Fourth Avenue, New York—was inaugurated last Sunday; and we herewith present a fine illustration of it.

The site is an admirable one, fronting ninety-eight feet on Fourth Avenue, and one hundred and fifty feet on Twenty-second Street.

The church is built of white marble, in what has been called the Romanesque style. The extreme length of the building, including both the church and the chapel, is one hundred and forty-six feet; the entire breadth is seventy-five feet. The top of the spire is two hundred and ten feet from the ground.

The audience-room of the church is sixty-six feet wide by eighty-eight long. It is finished with a clear-story and a groined ceiling. The height of the nave is forty-five feet. There are one hundred and forty-four pews on the ground-floor, and



ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

sixty in the side galleries. There are comfortable seats for thirteen hundred persons.

The chapel fronts on Twenty-second Street, and is thirty feet wide by sixty-nine deep in the clear. The audience-room is on the second floor, so that it has a fine high ceiling twenty-one feet from the floor. On the ground-floor are four fine class-rooms, and an infant-school room, capable of accommodating from one hundred and fifty to two hundred children.

The general appearance of the building, within and without, is chaste and simple.

The dedicatory services on the occasion of the opening of the church—those prescribed by the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church—were witnessed by an immense congregation, every portion of the church being filled, and many standing in the aisles, while others were unable to obtain even this accommodation. Rev. Dr. Durbin preached an affecting sermon, in the morning, from the text, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Bishop Ames, of Indiana, and the venerable Rev. Dr. Bangs, also took part in the morning exercises. Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, the pastor of the church, preached the sermon in the afternoon, and Rev. Thomas Sewell, of Baltimore, in the evening. The church was crowded on each occasion.

LITERARY.

FEW biographies possess the interest which will be found in that of STEPHENSON, the railway projector, which is now reprinted by Ticknor & Fields. It has all the fascination of romance. The life of Stephenson was, indeed, not a little like the lives of old heroes, only that it was in modern England and in dingy work-shops that he achieved his greatest triumphs. A poor boy, not knowing how to read or write, he rejoices at obtaining employment in a colliery which barely gives him food. His first triumph is promotion to the post of assistant-stoker in the engine pump-room; then he is a fireman; then he tinkers the engine, and becomes engine-tinker to the neighborhood; then he builds a locomotive engine; and, finally, he becomes the Railway King, the friend of noblemen, the guest of the prime minister. He fights a battle with his fists in the fields near the mine where he is at work, a regular set-to with another fireman; and a few years later he is fighting with his brain, before Parliament, the great battle of the new age against the inertia of old fogyism. We have no space for extracts from the book, which we commend to all classes of readers, and especially to working men.

Dr. Francis is one of the wonders of New York. Long may he remain among us! His historical discourse, enlarged and extended, is published in a 12mo volume, by Roe, and forms a most instructive and amusing sketch of this city. Few men are capable of giving us such reminiscences. Dr. Francis has been associated for years with all the great literary, and many of the great mechanical, projects which have made New York what it is. His memory is good; his style cheerful and animated; his wit constantly flowing. The volume abounds in anecdotes of men and things in the metropolis during the last fifty and some preceding years.

When Shelley and Byron went to Pisa, and thence, Shelley to the Bay of Spezzia and Byron to Leghorn, they were accompanied by their friend, E. J. Trelawney, a wealthy Englishman with nothing to do. Mr. Trelawney's history, so far as we are interested in it, was begun and ended within a brief space of time. He met Shelley at Pisa; Byron, a few days later, in the same city. An intimacy ensued. He built them each a boat. He rambled, rode, walked, talked, and drank with them. He hired a house for Shelley on the Bay shore, and he finally accompanied him to his boat, and watched him till out of sight, on that stormy afternoon when he and Williams were lost. Then he built the grate and pan to burn their bodies, he kindled the funeral pile, poured the libations of oil and wine over the dead poet, gathered the ashes with his own hands (Byron and Leigh Hunt standing or sitting a little way off), and buried them at Rome. Then he took Byron to Greece, fought there bravely for Odysseus, the last of the rebels; coffined Byron at Missolonghi, and fought on alone till the war was over, and then went we know not where. This part of his life Mr. Trelawney now reviews in PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BYRON AND SHELLEY (published by Ticknor & Fields).

Let no one who would retain any exalted ideas of either of the poets read these accounts of their daily lives. Shelley, indeed—who was manifestly the favorite of Trelawney—does not sink very much in the social scale from what is here told of him; but, if Mr. Trelawney is to be believed (and he doubtless is), then Byron was the shabbiest of fellows, and even much more mean as a man and a friend than we had supposed him. No one has been in the habit of considering the great poet a great man, or even an ordinarily agreeable man; but the volume before us certainly reduces him to a very contemptible position. It adds ten-fold to the sorrowfulness of the death of Shelley that he had parted from Byron with disgust and contempt on the afternoon when he was lost. Poor Leigh Hunt, seduced to Italy by Byron's promises, was received by him with such coldness that Shelley was ashamed of him; and his treatment of Mrs. Hunt was characterized by Williams as very ungentlemanly. Perhaps this explains why Leigh Hunt sat in his carriage, and did not walk or talk with Byron at the burning of Shelley.

The book contains a store of personal anecdote that will be exceedingly attractive to all literary readers. The discovery of Trelawney after Byron's death that the poet had two club feet, has already been published extensively. The fact that Byron had concealed it all his life long, even from his most intimate friends, is very suggestive. The deformity was his horror. He had threatened his servant, Fletcher, to haunt him if he allowed any one to see his feet after he was dead. But Trelawney lifted the sheet while Fletcher was away. It is remarkable that Trelawney had been swimming often by Byron's side, and had never made this discovery before.

A characteristic anecdote of Shelley is this, with which we close our notice. Trelawney had been bathing one day in the Arno:

"Shelley said, mournfully, 'Why can't I swim, it seems so very easy?' I answered, 'Because you think you can't. If you determine, you will; take a header off this bank, and when you rise turn on your back—you will float like a duck: but you must reverse the arch in your spine, for it's now bent the wrong way.'

"He doffed his jacket and trowsers, kicked off his shoes and socks, and plunged in; and there he lay stretched out on the bottom like a conger-eel, not making the least effort or struggle to save himself. He would have been drowned if I had not instantly fished him out. When he recovered his breath he said,

"'I always find the bottom of the well, and they say truth lies there. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. It is an easy way of getting rid of the body.'

"'What would Mrs. Shelly have said to me if I had gone back with your empty cage?'

"'Don't tell Mary—not a word!' he rejoined, and then continued, 'It's a great temptation; in another minute I might have been in another planet.'"

Carlton & Porter send us a little book entitled SCRIPTURE LESSONS, designed for Sunday-Schools and Families, by CAROLINE R. DEUEL. It consists of a succession of questions and answers on some of those parts of the Bible History in which children are usually most interested. It will be a valuable assistant to mothers and to Sunday-school teachers. It is highly recommended by Bishop Janes, Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, Dr. Strickland, and other eminent clergymen.

The same publishers issue a small but eloquent appeal to the unconverted, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Jesse T. Peck, entitled WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED? It is a timely book, whose extensive circulation will do great good.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 3d May, in the Senate, Senator Chandler introduced the subject of the improvement of the channel over the St. Clair Flats. This led to a discussion which ended in the adoption, by 23 to 22, of a resolution directing the Committee of Commerce to inquire into the expediency of keeping the river and harbor improvements in repair. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and, after some objections by Senator Trumbull was passed by 26 to 9.——In the House, Mr. Stephens gave notice that he would move on the following day to take up the Senate Bill for the admission of Minnesota. Mr. Grow vainly asked for a suspension of the rules to enable him to introduce a resolution prohibiting sales of the public lands before they are surveyed: refused by 74 to 78. Mr. Letcher failed to obtain leave to offer a resolution restricting the debate in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union to the particular subject before the Committee: refused by 91 to 57. The Appropriation Bill was then taken up and discussed; as also was a Presidential Message, with accompanying documents, on our Indian Relations; but no vote was taken.

On 4th, in the Senate, a Presidential Message, giving details of the outrage on American citizens at Jaffa, was received and printed. A bill introduced by Mr. Harlan, permitting certain Hungarian settlers in Iowa to preempt their homesteads, was passed. The bill for the repeal of the fishery bounties was taken up, and a speech made thereon by Senator Clay. Senator Johnson's printing bill was read and passed *nem. con.*, after remarks by Senators Johnson, Brown, Iverson, King, and others. ——In the House, Mr. Greenwood reported a bill for the removal of the Indians from Kansas. Mr. Davis reported a bill amending the law granting land to sailors and marines. Mr. Clingman, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution directing the President to see to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Resolutions were reported from the same Committee condemning and approving the conduct of General Walker, and authorizing the President to take all necessary measures for the settlement of the difficulty with Paraguay. The Senate bill for the admission of Minnesota was then taken up, and debated by Messrs. Kingsbury, Sherman, Jenkins, Garnett, Grow, Lawrence, Campbell, Harris, Marshall, Washburn, and others.

On 5th, in the Senate, Senator Seward moved a joint resolution granting to Mrs. Herndon, widow of Lieutenant Herndon, three years' pay; passed by 32 to 8. The West Point Academy Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and passed by 22 to 9. The Paraguay question was then taken up, and, after an adverse vote on Mr. Collamer's amendment, the following resolution was put and carried:

"Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That for the purpose of adjusting the differences between the United States and the republic of Paraguay, in connection with the attack on the United States steamer *Water-Witch*, and with other matters referred to in the annual message of the President, he be, and is hereby, authorized to adopt such measures and use such force as in his judgment may be necessary and advisable, in the event of a refusal of just satisfaction by the government of Paraguay."

The bill for the admission of Oregon was then taken up, on motion of Senator Douglas, and debated by Senators Mason, Douglas, Seward, Gwin, Fessenden, Trumbull, Wade, Wilson, Iverson, Green, Brown, and others. ——In the House, Mr. Clingman reported a bill for the satisfaction of French spoliations; postponed till January next. The subject of General Walker's arrest was then taken up and debated by Messrs. Clingman, Giddings, and Davis. The Minnesota Bill was then considered, but no vote was taken.

On 6th, in the Senate, the Judiciary committee reported that they could not agree on a bankrupt bill. Senator Toombs, from the minority of the Committee, presented a bill; but the Senate would only hear the title read. The bill for the repeal of the Fishing Bounties was taken up, and Mr. Harlan was heard in opposition to it.——In the House, the Legislative, Judiciary, and Executive Appropriation Bill was passed. Mr. Clingman's resolution on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was then discussed by Messrs. Ritchie, Clingman, Kelsey, and Sickles, and was ordered to be engrossed by 97 to 86. The Sergeant-at-arms was ordered to arrest one Robert W. Latham, a contumacious witness. The Minnesota Admission Bill was then debated by Messrs. Smith, Millson, and others.

On 7th, in the Senate, Senator Mason presented the credentials of Senator Clingman from North Carolina, in the place of Senator Biggs, resigned. The death of Senator Evans, of South Carolina, having been announced, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the only business done was the valedictory speech of Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina.

On 8th, both Houses were occupied with the customary eulogies on Senator Evans. In the Senate, they were delivered by Senators Hammond, Benjamin, Hale, and Wilson; in the House, by Messrs. M'Queen, Bocock, and Colfax.

ANOTHER NEW TERRITORY.

The House Committee on Territories have authorized their chairman to report a bill for the organization of a Territorial government out of territory west of Utah, Carson Valley, to be called Nevada. The bill will be reported next week, and strenuously urged. The other applications before the Committee for Territorial governments will not be acted on this session.

ANOTHER OCEAN MAIL SCHEME.

A bill introduced into the Senate by Senator Kennedy, and referred to the Committee on Post-offices, proposes to establish a line of mail steamers between the ports of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Liverpool, touching at Norfolk and Savannah. The Postmaster-General is authorized to contract with Ambrose W. Thompson to establish the line, which is to consist of six iron steamers of not less than three thousand tons each. The Secretary of the Treasury is to advance bonds of the United States, bearing five per cent. coupons, payable semi-annually, and the principal in twenty years, to the amount of two-thirds the cost.

The building of the ships is to be paid for from time to time as the work progresses, and this amount is to be returned to the Treasury in annual payments of ten per cent., commencing at the end of the second year, and continuing till the whole is paid. The compensation is to be $25,000 each for a complete voyage out and back. The amount advanced to be secured by a mortgage lien on the steamers. The contract is to be for ten years' regular service, which is to commence a year from the date of the contract.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.

On the passage of Mr. English's Kansas Compromise Bill, the President was serenaded by the citizens of Washington. He thanked them for the civility, and in the course of his remarks said: "This is a great occasion on which you have assembled. It is far above men. The best interests of the country were involved in the long contest which has so happily terminated. I hope and believe the result will tend to promote the peace and prosperity of our glorious Union; and of all the people upon the face of the earth the people of Washington are the most interested in preserving this unity of interests, which has rendered us glorious abroad and successful and prosperous at home. I do not think that it will be becoming in me to enter into any discussion of the great question which has so happily terminated. I, therefore, must conclude these brief remarks with again repeating to you how heartily I feel your kindness, and how gratefully I shall ever remember it to the last period of my existence."

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Municipal elections have taken place at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Indianapolis. At both the democracy have been defeated. The People's ticket was elected at Philadelphia. The republican ticket at Indianapolis.

THE NEW EXPEDITION TO UTAH.

Major-General Smith has issued elaborate orders relative to the movement of the trains and troops of the Utah forces. The trains are to be divided into divisions of two hundred and twenty-six wagons each, and the troops will be organized into columns, each column constituting the escort of a division. A general supply train, and the first column under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews are already organized, and ordered to march. The second column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Munroe, composing the escort of the first division of supplies, march from Leavenworth on the 15th inst. The third column, under Colonel May, marches on the 20th. The fourth column, under Colonel Morrison, marches on the 25th. The fifth column, under Colonel Sumner, marches on the 30th. The sixth column, under Major Emory, marches on the 4th of June. These columns for the present constitute the first brigade of Utah forces, under command of General Harney. Each column is to be supplied with four months' provisions, which are to be replenished when passing Forts Kearney and Laramie.

General Smith is now in St. Louis, and it is stated that his health is such as to require him to remain here a short period.

THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

Commissioners M'Culloch and Powell left Fort Leavenworth, on 25th ultimo, well prepared for an expeditious trip across the Plains, and, nothing occurring out of the ordinary course of travel, anticipate reaching Fort Bridger, or the camp of the expedition, between the 20th and last of next month.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The Commissioners take with them a proclamation of the President to the inhabitants of Utah, informing them of the reports and charges in circulation in the States against the Mormon leaders, and his appointment of new Federal officers to administer the laws of the United States in that Territory, in order that the guilty, if such be among them, may be punished, and the law-abiding citizens protected, and if maligned and falsely accused of harboring evil intents against the General Government that they be vindicated.

If Brigham consents to the preceding arrangement the proclamation will be circulated, and the Mormons will return from the mountains to their firesides to await the issue of events, and the civil officers are duly inducted into their various departments. An armistice is to be extended to the people, on the supposition that they were loyal to the only Governor they knew; but whether it be extended to the leaders will be determined by circumstances.

PERSONAL.

The correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following account of an *esclandre* which has recently occurred in good society at Washington; "Fashionable society has absolutely been shaken to its centre by the discovery of a very strong flirtation between an attaché of the Spanish embassy and Miss ——, the only daughter and heiress of one of the richest bankers in the Union—a gentleman who has often helped our mutual Uncle when he found himself short a few millions, more or less. Now Miss —— will come into a matter of five millions, and is considered, therefore, rather a good thing by the marriageable young fellows about town. More particularly was she affected by a youth attached to the Spanish embassy, which youth, like numerous other blue blooded hidalgos, has an extensive pedigree, but is rather short of what is vulgarly called 'tin.'

"It seems that the lady favored the youth, and made an appointment to meet him one fine afternoon in the President's square. He was on hand, and seeing a lady issue from the banker's mansion, naturally supposed her to be the 'identical' jewel of his heart. But she wasn't. She was the niece of the financier, and being of a vestal turn of mind she informed Old Money Bags how this son of a Southern clime had followed her on vilest thoughts intent, whereupon Old Finances waxed wroth, and straightway called the hidalgo a puppy dog, to which hidalgo returned the unpleasant expression 'liar.'

"Here was an awkward predicament; and the real lady in the case, fearing a duel, wrote a note to hidalgo, requesting him to meet her by moonlight at the 'back garden gate.' Whereby he went, and it was locked. Then he tried the front door, and as old Plutus had gone to take a cool bottle with a senator, he, the lovyer, was admitted. Whether the claret wasn't good, or was too good, or what, I don't know, but the banker returned early, guarded by two senators, and found the gentleman from Spain under the piano. Then there was a jolly row. Young lady wanted to explain—papa wouldn't hear it; young lady twined alabaster arms round pop's shirt collar—no use. Servants called and ordered to put out young Spain right off. Out he went, expedited, they say, by the canes of the conscript fathers, and helped onward by a 'blow from the foot from behind, producing a slight concussion, which might be compared to the shock of an earthquake.'

"Next day came challenges to all the old fogies, who unanimously declined the honor. All the young men about the embassies are in an awful state of mind about it. Mr. Howard de Bull, Junior, of the British staff, says ''pon his soul he really never did, you know, and what can a fellow expect, for instance, you see, if this sort of thing, you know, is going on, you see. All the fellows must stand by each other, you see, and call the old cock out, one by one, you know.' Mr. de Bull's opinion is shared generally by the budding diplomats, and I am shocked to say that they have unanimously agreed not to borrow any more money from the banker, nor to eat his dinners unless he does the square thing about the girl and Young Spain."

The Turkish Pasha and suite have left Washington for New York. They took leave of the President and Secretary of the Navy, and intend shortly to return to their own country. They will consult their government before any thing is done in reference to building the three-decker

Colonel Sayles of Rhode Island, and Mr. Austin, his private Secretary, have just left Washington for Arizona via San Antonia and San Diego. Mr. Sayles is charged with important duties connected with the Post-office, Interior and Treasury Departments in that Territory, and it is said that he has confidential communications with reference to Sonora.

Dresling's (the Prussian forger) troubles have not terminated with his discharge from custody, for the Department of State has instructed the United States District Attorney for the State of Kentucky to take hold of the matter. If necessary, the living witnesses will be brought from Prussia. It seems singular that a man who stands charged with the commission of forgeries to the amount of only a few thousand dollars, of which charges he seems innocent, should be pursued with so much pertinacity and at such an enormous expense. The circumstances attending the case give color to the statement that the prosecution is started from political causes.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*, writing from Aspinwall, April 13, 1858, says: "Colonel Kinney has just sailed from this port for Greytown, with a large supply of stores, ammunition, and men, in order to revolutionize the miserable, self-constituted English Government at that place. He has means and friends sufficient to support his pretensions, and he will soon be re-established in his former position—Governor of Greytown, or San Juan del Norte. The Colonel has, doubtless, by this time issued his proclamation, and the people's voice has already confirmed his government."

The St. Louis *Republican* of the 4th inst. says: "Military gentlemen are rapidly arriving here on their way to Utah. Among the number we observe at the Planter's House the names of General Harney, Colonel J. E. Johnston, Major N. C. Macrea, Major W. W. Chapman, Captain A. A. Humphreys, and Captain A. Pleasanton—all of whom arrived last evening. Colonel P. Morrison, Seventh Infantry, and Major Whiting from the Barracks."

The Rev. T. S. King, of Boston, was unexpectedly introduced to a jury at Rockfort, Illinois, the other day. He went into the court-room on Monday, and Tom Corwin, who was making an argument, furnished him a seat, and then, turning to the jury, said: "Gentlemen, you know that, like God-fearing men, we all went to church yesterday, and heard our young friend here lay down certain propositions. Let us now look at the evidence in the light of these divine principles."

The Hon. Rufus Choate will address the Alumni, and the Rev. Dr. Cheever the Theological Society of Dartmouth, at the next Commencement.

It is rumored at Washington that General Sam Houston is to be Governor of Arizona, upon its organization as a Territory.

The Hon. Joseph Dane, who represented the York District of Maine in Congress from 1820 to 1823, died at Kennebunk last Saturday. Mr. Dane was a nephew of the Hon. Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Massachusetts, whose name is so honorably associated with that great charter of free-soil, the "Ordinance of 1787;" he graduated at Harvard University in 1799, and settled in Kennebunk early in the present century.

A gentleman of Norfolk, Virginia, had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out and keeping one-half the wages. A short time since the negro came home to his master to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him, and would give $1300 for him.

"Well," said his master, "what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But, you see, massa," said Sam, "I'se had a cough some time, and 'specs I'm gwine into desumption. I don't 'spec I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in!"

General Scott has been telegraphed to by the President to proceed forthwith to Washington on important business connected with Utah. The General accordingly left here, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Colonel Lay, for that city.

The Rochester *Union* publishes the following letter from Mr. M. J. Stout, convicted recently of the Littles murder:

"I wish to enter a distinct contradiction to a brief article which appeared a short time since in your paper. It was pointedly stated that I had selected, as my religious advisers, Mr. Boardman, Professor Cutting, and Professor Hotchkiss. The relation of these gentlemen to myself is simply this: they have kindly informed me (as have several other clergymen) they were ready to act as my spiritual counselors, if in my judgment they were suitable for that position. I wish it distinctly understood that no definite selections have yet been made. If it is of any importance to the public to know what Christian gentlemen will be selected, I am pleased to say I will inform them who they are as soon as it is decidedly settled in my own mind. The information or report of others in regard to this important subject is not reliable."

Captain Ives, of Lauderdale County, Mississippi, has recently fallen heir to a fortune of $2,000,000 by the death of an English relative. He was an old sailor; and it is added, as a piece of serviceable information to marrying young men, that he has only two children—both charming daughters.

General Walker has published a letter to Senator Slidell, in which he says that justice to the cause I represent compels me to say that your speech, so far as it relates to my acts, is a tissue of misstatements, and that its insinuations are as false as its facts are groundless.

David Davidson, an Israelite, blew out his brains with a musket at Augusta, on 6th inst., and S. C. Lane, from Philadelphia, a traveler, attempted to cut his throat, but was prevented. Both had been drinking very hard.

The *Courier* gives vent to a recent saying of Mr. Seward, who, being rallied upon his brightening prospects by a Pennsylvanian, answered, "No, Sir, Pennsylvania shall have her turn; she has not yet had a President, and will claim the nomination." Which recalls, also, the repartee of Mr. Cameron, when charged by the Buchanan presses with having bought three or four Democratic votes for his election. He said, "The only difference between what you falsely charge upon me and admit as to the President is, that he bribed with trust funds, while I, you say, used my own money." The allusion is to the offices which were promised, on the faith of Mr. Buchanan's letter, to the backers of the Administration candidate.

It is said by the wags, who love mischief, that Judge Douglas, in inviting Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, to the banquet, informed him that it was a medical caucus called to heal the ulcers of the Democracy. "The idea may be a good one," said Mr. Lamar; "but, Judge, I would begin by amputating the diseased limb."

Apropos of Mr. Van Zandt, who has just died at Albany, the Albany correspondent of the *Courier* gives the following reminiscences:

"Mr. Van Zandt was a witness of the most memorable journey ever made into the old war-worn city of Albany. He was a boy, engaged at play on the wharf which—one of the few that existed—was built out at the foot of the present State Street. The boys were told that a company of horsemen were coming down Market Street, and that one of them was General Schuyler. He ran up to the street to see the group, as in that little town, at that day, an event was made out of less material than is now requisite. The rumor was a true one. There rode a company of gentlemen on horseback, in an easy, familiar, companionable way, one of whom was Philip Schuyler, and another John Burgoyne. The battle over, Saratoga's capitulation signed, and the captor and the captive were moving peaceably together. It was just such a scene as might be expected from General Schuyler's reputation as a man whose life had been passed in the associations of high courtesy.

"Mr. Van Zandt saw Washington when in all the array of official dignity, a phase of life which our First President adorned, and which, it must be confessed, he rather enjoyed: It was at New York, Washington was seated in a coach, drawn by six horses. He was dressed in a drab suit, and looked very erect and rather stern, and, it was Mr. Van Zandt's recollection, did *not* bow to the people on each side as the carriage advanced, though this latter incident would seem not quite in consistency with the President's profundity of courtesy.

"Mr. Van Zandt was walking on the ramparts of Fort Frederick (which reared its defenses in State Street, just south of St. Peter's Church) at the very time of the battle of Saratoga, and heard the noise of the cannonade. He asked a soldier, who was with him, if this could be so? and the soldier confirmed it, as they were at a height where the strong northeast wind, then blowing, could bear the sound uninterrupted. History has many verified records of the noise of battle borne to distances greater than was this. He saw the Indians gathered in State Street, above the Old Dutch Church, to receive their annuity, and exhibiting their dances, and meeting in a desultory council, to the edification of the Albanians, who had suffered enough of the reality of Indian association to induce in them a willingness that the visits of their red brethren should be as short as possible. They were seated for the purpose of enumeration on the sidewalk, and the line extended from the Church to the present locality of Pearl Street, and it was a policy greatly wondered at by the multitude that the distribution was made *per capita*, the little strapped-up papoose receiving as much as the old war-chief who, probably, could have entertained the Albanians with curious statistics concerning the scalps of many of their ancestors."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THERE has been but little done of importance in Parliament. On the 22d, the Oaths Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, but Lord Derby announced that he should continue to oppose that portion of the measure which removes the Jewish disabilities. In the House of Commons, the Attorney-General had announced, in response to an inquiry from Mr. Roebuck, that the Government would not take further proceedings against Dr. Bernard in regard to the French conspiracy. Lord Stanley had stated that, until the Government received the opinion of the Government and Legislature of Canada, he would abstain from stating their intentions with reference to the privilege of the Hudson Bay Company. A bill was introduced, and read the first time, abolishing the property qualifications of Members of Parliament. Sir E. Perry asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether instructions had been sent to India that terms of amnesty, including protection in matters of religion, should be held out to the inhabitants of Oude, except in cases of heinous crime; and, if no such instructions had been sent, whether, in the opinion of the Government, it was not expedient to do so. Mr. Disraeli replied that instructions had been sent to India that there should be full toleration and protection to property, so far as was consistent with justice. On motion of Mr. Disraeli, a resolution imposing a stamp of one penny on all bankers' checks was carried amidst loud cheers.

On the 26th April the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the House will, upon Friday next, resolve itself into a Committee to consider the act of the 16th and 17th Victoria, c. 95, to provide for the Government of India. After referring to the overwhelming majority against Mr. Baring's motion, that it is not expedient at present to legislate upon the Government of India, he said that the majority had only given to the noble Lord then at the head of the Government permission to bring in his bill, but by no means pledged the House to any of its details. This led to a long debate, in which Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and others took part; but no vote was taken.

THE ACQUITTAL OF DR. BERNARD.—HIS SPEECH TO THE JURY.

We had last week, by telegraph, the fact that Bernard was acquitted. We have now the details in the London *Times:* "Immediately at the conclusion of the summing up by the Judge, and before the jury had retired, the prisoner, with much warmth of tone, vehemence of gesture, and rapidity of utterance, exclaimed:

"'I declare that the words which have been spoken, or quoted, by the Judge, with reference to the balls, are not correct, and that the balls which were taken by Giorgi to Brussels were not those which were used in Paris. I have brought no evidence here, because I am not accustomed to compromise any person. I declare that I am not a hirer of assassins, and that Rudio, as he stated on his trial in Paris, himself asked to be sent to Orsini. I declare that I have not hired assassins, and that of the blood of the victims of the 14th of January there was nothing on my heart more than in that of any one here. My only wish is to crush despotism and tyranny every where. To effect that I have conspired, and I will conspire ever, because it is my duty, my sacred duty, and the duty of every lover of liberty, to do so. But never, never, will I be a murderer.'

"At the close of this address the jury retired to consider their verdict.

THE VERDICT.

"The spectacle which the court then presented was of the most animated and exciting description. The small gallery immediately over the dock, and accessible to the general public, was densely packed. In front of it sat several well-dressed ladies, who had been unable to obtain more agreeable accommodation in other parts of the building. All the more-favored seats on the bench, and in its immediate vicinity, had been occupied from an early hour in the morning by persons of rank and station, many of them ladies. Others, as the crisis approached, made incessant applications for even standing-room within the precincts of the court, and the complaisance of the ever-obliging under-sheriffs was taxed to the utmost to comply with their wishes. The members of the bar stood in groups discussing the incidents of the trial, and speculating on its probable result, as did also the greater part of the audience. On the floor of the court was seen, in conversation with another, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and manners, an *avocat* of the French bar, who had defended Pierri on his trial in Paris. Precisely as the clock struck four an intimation was given that the jury were returning, and in an instant the loud hum of conversation which had prevailed for upward of an hour subsided into profound silence. The prisoner reappeared in the dock. The judges entered and resumed their accustomed places on the bench, and the jury, who had been absent for an hour and twenty minutes, answered to their names as they were called over in the usual way, the prisoner, whose face was flushed with emotion, looking wistfully in the direction of the jury-box, as if to discover by anticipation some faint omen of his fate.

"Mr. Clark, the Clerk of Arraigns, addressing the jury, said, 'Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?'

"The Foreman. 'We are.'

"Mr. Clark. 'How say you? Is Simon Bernard guilty or not guilty?'

"The Foreman. 'Not guilty.'

THE EFFECT.

"On the announcement of this decision a scene occurred unexampled, perhaps, in an English tribunal. From the gallery first, and then in an instant afterward from the floor of the court, proceeded a loud shout of exultation. The cheering was again and again repeated—the excitement was contagious—and many ladies of quality present waved their handkerchiefs in token of their delight. Vainly did the Lord Chief Justice endeavor by voice and gesture to still the tumult, and as powerless were the stentorian lungs of Mr. Harker, though exerted to the utmost, to restore silence. The prisoner, who was extremely excited, flourished his white pocket handkerchief over his head, and several times attempted to speak. By this time the verdict had reached the ears of the crowd assembled outside the Old Bailey, and the rapturous cheer which they raised, and after repeated, could be distinctly heard within the court. The Judges, unable, and perhaps unwilling to check this spontaneous ebullition of popular feeling, but yet not liking to sanction it by their presence, rose to depart.

"Bernard at length made a successful attempt to be heard, and, addressing the jury, said, with much vehemence of manner:

"'Gentlemen, that verdict is an expression of the truth. I am not guilty; and it proves that in England there is and always will be liberty, which will crush tyranny, whatever and wherever it may be. All honor to an English jury. [Renewed cheers.]

"The prisoner was then removed from the bar, the Judges left the bench, and the audience gradually dispersed. The jury, as they left the court escorted by the under-sheriffs and proceeded to their hotel on Ludgate-hill, received an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd assembled in the Old Bailey."

PROGRESS OF THE "LEVIATHAN."

The report of the Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company states that the total cost of the ship would be £804,522, or at the rate of £34 per ton, taking the ship at builders' measurement, 24,000 tons. The directors regret that they will be unable to complete her equipments before the ensuing autumn, when it is intended to made several preliminary voyages to America, for the purpose of testing the ship's capabilities, and in the spring to commence her voyages to India or Australia.

LADY INGLIS AT COURT.

The Hon. Lady Inglis has had the honor of personally relating to her Majesty the details of the siege of Lucknow. Her ladyship attended by command at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen listened with the most intense interest to the story of the sufferings and heroism of that gallant band who so nobly sustained their country's honor and renown during a period of almost unexampled danger and distress.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH FILIBUSTERISM.

Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, has been receiving, in Manchester, the compliment of a public dinner, and for this courtesy he made a long speech, which certainly possesses more than usual interest at the present moment, when we are at war with China, and, what is still worse, when we are almost dying of a cotton famine. The Rajah is a clever man, and of intense energy. He made out a strong case for the country with which his name and his fortunes for so many years have been mixed up; and he maintained, with a simple eloquence which told upon his hearers, that England should stand for the future to Sarawak in the character of a *protector*, which, as he described it, would give to this country "all the advantages of protection without any of its liabilities." The *Times* has devoted an article to the advocacy of Sir James Brooke's policy.

FRANCE.

RESULT OF THE CITY ELECTIONS.

The *Globe* contains the result of the elections. In the Third District, General Perrot, the Government candidate, has obtained the majority; in the Fifth District M. Esk, Government candidate, has also been returned by a majority; and in the Sixth District M. Jules Favre, the Opposition candidate, has been successful.

THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES TO BE RESERVED.

The intention to confiscate the best part of the garden of the Tuileries for the private use of the Emperor and Empress is now confessed by the *Moniteur* in the following artfully-worded paragraph: "The garden of the Tuileries is about to undergo a double modification. A new entrance will be made for the public on the terrace which runs parallel with the river, opposite the Rue Castiglione gate, which new entrance will face a bridge about to be made to connect the quay of the Tuileries with the Quai d'Orsay at the terminus of the Rue Bellechasse. At the same time that part of the garden which is reserved for their Majesties' promenades will be prolonged as far as the great basin of the parterres, and the public entrance by the quay will be removed to a point corresponding with that line. The existing gate opposite the Rue des Pyramides will remain open, as also will the public promenade on the Terrace des Feuillants and the adjoining avenue. These changes will facilitate communication between the quarter of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Germain, while giving the necessary extension to the reserved gardens."

THE NEXT ROYAL VISIT.

A Paris correspondence in the *Independance Belge* asserts very positively that the Queen of England is going to visit the Emperor at Cherbourg this summer on the occasion of the opening of the railway there. The Duke of Malakhoff, it is said, is charged to present the invitation, and Lord Cowley's *congé* has been taken in order that he may be in England to make the necessary suggestions and arrangements. The same correspondence says that the project of assembling the Toulon and Brest fleets at Cherbourg has been abandoned by the Emperor, in order to avoid giving any shadow of offense to England by a display of force so near her coasts. The two fleets will meet for their customary evolutions off the Isle of Hyeres.

A QUEER REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO DINE.

The letter of M. Hénon, one of the members for Paris, declining an invitation to dine at the Tuileries, was as follows: "Monsieur le Grand Chambellan,—I have received the letter by which you invite me, in the name of the Emperor, to dine at the Tuileries. I should be greatly surprised, M. le Chambellan, to find myself at such a meeting, and my constituents would not be less so, at the moment when my friends are on the road to exile and transportation."

IMPERIAL NERVOUSNESS ABOUT ENGLAND.

The Paris Correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 22d of April, says: "When noticing the very offensive article in the *Constitutionnel* of Tuesday on the acquittal of Simon Bernard—an article which, by-the-way, was regarded as a sort of pendant to the famous military addresses of the *Moniteur*—I declared my belief that M. Renee, whose name was signed to it, had not the authority either of the Emperor or of the Cabinet collectively for what he did. That I was correct in this seems proved from the fact that M. Renee has been dismissed from the post of political director of the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays*, both of which belong to the same proprietor; and I am assured that the cause of dismissal is the article in question. The fall of M. Renee is broken by an indemnity of 50,000 francs, which it appears every political director of the paper has a right to in case of a removal so sudden as the present."

We learn, however, by later intelligence, that M. Renee had been restored to his post.

THE HUMORS OF LONGCHAMPS.

A Paris letter says: "Longchamps this year has not been worth a paragraph. It has long fallen off from its ancient splendor. In the course of a long walk, we only observed among the very few fancy equipages that were to be seen, one possessing a claim to originality. In a well-appointed barouche and pair were to be seen a gentleman, having on either side of him a lady in a ball dress, and without a bonnet. One of these ladies had a profusion of gold locks, exquisitely arranged; the other was a brunette, with hair equally fine. Both turned their heads toward the apparently favored gentleman sitting between them, whom they seemed to be addressing with great animation. The first impression on the spectator, after admiring the beautiful hair of these ladies, was one of wonderment that they should venture abroad in a cold wind so lightly clad. On closer inspection it appeared that they were wax figures, and that the carriage was the ambulatory advertisement of a hair-dresser."

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

A Paris letter tells the following story: "In a respectable street in Paris lives a bronze manufacturer, a certain Monsieur X., who has a daughter. This girl is truly a 'fair one of the golden locks.' Her hair is the finest ever seen on a woman's head, silky, flowing, and abundant. Lord S. saw Mademoiselle X., and was magnetized by the beauty of her capillary attraction. He then rented an apartment directly opposite the house of Monsieur X., and passed every day in admiring the head of hair referred to. Soon this delight of his eyes was not great enough for his heart, and he called upon X., and asked for a private interview, which was granted. 'Sir,' said he, 'I come to make you a proposition which concerns your daughter. I hope that you will accept it, for it has nothing in it not perfectly honorable.' 'Speak, Sir.' 'Sir, my name is Lord S. You have, without doubt, heard of my name, of my rank, of my fortune. I come to beg you to accept me as the hair-dresser of your daughter.' X. showed signs of anger. 'Permit me, Sir,' added Lord S., 'to repeat to you that my proposition is completely pure and honorable. I will not address a word to Mademoiselle X. I will dress her hair every day, and every day I will give her a guinea. You shall be there, you, or any other person you may wish.' 'But, my lord—' 'Do not answer me. Consult your daughter if you wish. Here is my address. I give you two days to reflect. This is Monday; if by Wednesday evening I do not receive an answer I will blow out my brains.' And Lord S. went out. He had spoken in so decided a tone, that X. believed him capable of executing his menace. He spoke of the matter to his daughter, who was in favor of accepting this singular proposition. On Tuesday Lord S. was informed that it was not desired that he should blow out his brains. From that time he has been every noon at the lady's house. He was introduced to her, and since then he has every day dressed her magnificent hair, into which he plunges his aristocratic hands with ecstasy. As to Mademoiselle X., she appears fascinated with her lordly hair-dresser. He performs his duty with dexterity, taste, and skill. He never addresses to her a word nor a compliment. As soon as the task is over, he places a guinea upon the marble table, makes a respectful bow to the lady, and takes his leave. His guinea is every day given to a poor family, and thus his eccentricity is made the cause of a good action. Of course it is believed that this vaudeville of real life will finish with a marriage."

SWEDEN.

PALPITATIONS OF THE HEART SET TO MUSIC.]

Dr. Rhuders, physician, has set to music the palpitations and irregular beatings of the heart of a female who is a patient in the hospital at Upsal, in Sweden. "This disease, written in musical notes, with quavers and semiquavers, forms a kind of waltz, and is one of the greatest curiosities of pathological anatomy."

GERMANY.

A TALE OF TERROR.

The following rather marvelous story is told by one of the Vienna journals: "As a farmer of Orsinovi, near that city, was a few nights ago returning from market, he stopped at a roadside public house and imprudently showed the innkeeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the innkeeper, armed with a poniard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him; but the farmer, who, from the man's manner at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself, fully dressed, on the bed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man he wrested the poniard from the other, and using it against him laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice which he recognized as that of the innkeeper's son, said, "The grave is ready!" This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection had intended burying the dead body at once. He thereupon wrapped the body in a sheet and let it down from the window; he then ran to the gendarmerie and stated what had occurred. Three gendarmes immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shoveling earth into a grave. 'What are you burying?' said they. 'Only a horse, which has just died.' 'You are mistaken,' answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. 'Look!' and he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. 'Good God!' cried the young man, thunderstruck, 'it is my father.' He was then arrested, and at once confessed all."

ITALY.

THE PRISONS AT NAPLES.

Mr. Parke, the engineer of the steamer *Cagliari*, has communicated to an English paper an account of his sufferings while in prison at Naples, in which he says: "The first proceeding upon arrival at the prison was to unclothe us entirely, and search our clothes and persons, even to the hair in our heads. We were then conducted by a dark passage through a number of massive doors, each of which was unlocked and locked again as we passed, until we arrived at a cell into which eight of us were put. This cell was so small that our mattresses placed round the walls were touching each other; we had no chairs, but sat on the beds; and the only light was furnished by a window strongly grated, and which we were prevented looking out of, as a sentry who paced the court-yard had orders to shoot any prisoner who might stand at the window. Besides, our cell was horribly damp, so that we nearly all suffered from its effects in pains in the legs; and it was so infested by rats that in one night, shortly after our arrival, I caught seven large ones, having made a trap of one of my boots. But the worst evils were the bad air and bad water. There was no ventilation, and a large wooden tub, which served us for the most necessary wants, emitted such effluvia that we lived in a constant state of nausea. This was heightened by the turnkeys neglecting sometimes to empty it, in order to force a bribe from us, and in which they were generally successful. The water, too, was served to us in a wooden pail, which was so dirty that it gave a taste to the water, which made it unfit to drink. This was also made a source of emolument to the jailers, for they served us with drinkable water for one half-penny a glass. Upon our entrance into the jail the first question we were asked by the attendants was if we wanted beds, as we could have them by paying 4d. per night. Of course, we asked for beds, and received each a low bedstead and mattress, which latter, however, was extremely uncomfortable, owing to its being made of unpicked oakum. Still, the greatest evil of the 'beds' was one which discovered itself afterward—namely, their being full of vermin, with which we found ourselves soon covered. I must not forget to mention another sort of companions which were sufficiently numerous—namely, flat lizards, which ran up and down the walls, and added not a little to the repulsiveness of the place."

ANOTHER MADONNA STOLEN.

A letter from Rome in the *Univers* contains the following extraordinary tale: "In the cathedral of Velletri, near Rome, was an image of the Virgin, nearly covered with gold, and decked out with necklaces, rings, and jewelry, and it was held in great veneration by the people. In the Holy Week it was, according to custom, screened from view by a curtain, and on Holy Thursday some person contrived to steal it. On Good Friday the archpriest of the cathedral received a note thus conceived: 'I the undersigned know the thief, and the spot in which is deposited the image of the Madonna, and I will make revelations on three conditions—impunity for myself, the release of my brother who is condemned to death, and a pension of ten crowns a month. Vendetta.' The archpriest having ascertained that the image really had been abstracted, communicated the strange epistle to the delegate, Monseigneur Giordani. Instead of seeking at once for the writer of the letter, this dignitary applied to Rome for orders, and the Pope, fearing the total loss of the image, and the effect that would be produced among the people, directed that the first condition of the bandit should be accepted, but that the other two should be rejected. Vendetta having learned this resolution, spread among the people of Velletri the news of the robbery of the image, which the clergy of the cathedral had kept secret, and he wrote to the clergy that he would be content with impunity for himself and with five hundred crowns paid down. On Sunday the people went to the church, but as the image was not displayed, they became excited, and murmured; and at length some of them got on the altar, and tore down the curtain. The rumor was then spread by friends of Vendetta, that it was the Jesuits who had stolen the Madonna: and the excited people believing the falsehood, broke into the convent occupied by the Jesuits, which is adjacent to the cathedral, and with cries of 'La Madonna nostra!' completely sacked it, and ill-treated the reverend fathers. When the bishop descended from the pulpit a scarcely credible scene occurred; the brigand Vendetta, armed with a poniard, ascended it, and thus addressed the people: 'Be patient! The good fathers are innocent! It is I who stole the Madonna! But I will only restore it when the Government, to whom I grant a delay till Monday evening, shall have consented to the compact I have proposed to it. Be calm, therefore, and shout no more! I warn you, in conclusion, that my companions are armed as well as I!' What followed that harangue we have not yet heard."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

There is intelligence from Lucknow to the 22d of March. On the 20th, Brigadier Campbell's force returned from the pursuit of the enemy. On the 21st the Mobriek, the retreat of Nena Sahib, was stormed; he escaped, and a reward of 50,000 rupees was offered for his head. General Outram's force had discovered and destroyed a retreat of the rebels in Lucknow, and the Prime Minister is among those reported as killed. The fanatics continued to fire on the British. The Governor-General's proclamation calling on the Zemindars to submit had produced no effect. Peace prevailed at Oude, and the enemy were flying toward Secandra. Jung Bahadoor was to go to Allahabad. No civil officer had yet been sent to Lucknow by the government. Some of the inhabitants were returning to the city. The heat was increasing daily.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

We gave in our last an account of the capture of Lucknow. We now extract a few passages from Mr. Russell's letter describing that event. The first recounts a skirmish on the way to the Martinière.

THE BAYS' FIRST BLOOD.

"But look! See, on the line of road there suddenly rushes from behind the trees a confused crowd of horse and foot in headlong flight. They are clad in white, and through the dust we see they are the enemy. As the infantry run they turn and fire back, and break across the rough and broken ground which lies between the river and the road; their horsemen still press on across the bridge over the nullah straight to the city. And now with sabres flashing in the sun, and arms raised high, the Bays, drawing their first blood, come sweeping after the crowd, through which riderless horses are rushing wild with fright. But the enemy's foot are already safe in the ravines, and are running like monkeys across the nullahs; and, as our horse dash on after the enemy's horse, spirt after spirt of white smoke dots the green groves, and the enemy open their heavy guns on our scattered horse. The pursuit is over—our men gather up and form into troops, and the horse artillery, rattling along after them, and unlimbering, quickly open with grape and canister on the Sepoys and matchlockmen in the ravines, and clear the woods with their fire.

CAPTAIN PEEL WOUNDED.

"On returning to the Dilkoosha, about twelve o'clock, I saw an anxious group of sailors at the entrance to one of the rooms. 'Captain Peel's wounded, Sir; there's a sad business,' said one of the men, in reply to my question. It was indeed so. He had walked out of the battery to look out for a good spot for another gun, and a matchlockman shot him through the thigh. The ball had passed by the bone, and could just be felt under the skin at the other side. Soon the surgeon came with chloroform, and the ball was cut out; but nothing could keep the gallant sailor quiet, and his anxiety to take part in the operations was so lively as to render the consequences of the wound more severe than they legitimately ought to be. Every one heard of the accident with grief—'What! Peel wounded? what a loss to us to-day!' Such was the universal exclamation.

HOW THE MARTINIERE WAS TAKEN.

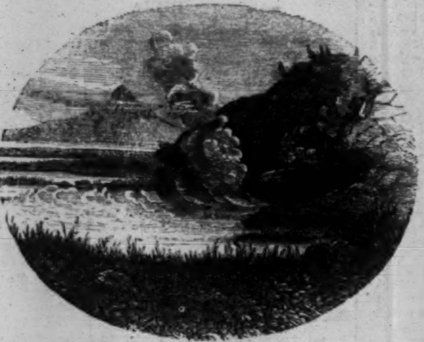
"Our guns were now thundering away—mortars, howitzers, and 24-pounders—at the pits, huts, and Martinière, from which the enemy kept up an incessant fusillade of the weakest sort—the only thing remarkable about it being its pertinacity. The time wore on, and at last the Highlanders and Sikhs came marching from their camp, and drew up behind the Dilkoosha. The Chief, General Mansfield, and staff were on the roof, but, as the moment approached, Sir Colin went down and on foot among the men gave his last orders to the officers. And now just observe this fact: the enemy had remained steady in their trenches under the fire of six mortars and ten heavy guns and howitzers. But the instant they caught sight of our bayonets, and that the lines of the Sikhs and Highlanders came in view, we observed them, by twos and threes, and groups, and at last in masses, running and marching at the double as fast as they could clear out of the works, and moving to the rear or stealing off under cover of their parapets. The Commander-in-Chief came up to the roof again just in time to see the complete success of his plan. The orders were obeyed beautifully. We saw the Highlanders, with skirmishers thrown out in front, advancing rapidly, without a sound in their ranks, toward the Martinière, while the Sikhs on their flank, agile as panthers, ran at full speed toward the trenches, from which the enemy, firing a few hurried shots from their muskets, were flying so fast that not a man was left inside by the time our troops were within two hundred yards of the Martinière. But their gunners on the right of the Martinière, along the canal works, had seen the attack, and they began to pitch round shot up to us, and to plump them among the dhooly-bearers and light baggage advancing in rear of our column. In less than ten minutes we saw Highland bonnets among the trees in the park, and the Sikhs rushing through the ruins in the rear, looking in vain for an enemy.

PULWAN SINGH AND SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

"While we were watching and waiting to get a glimpse of Outram, whose guns, mingled with incessant musketry, had kept up their thunder since daybreak, a diversion was effected on the roof of the Dilkoosha in the advent of Pulwan Singh, Brigadier of the Ghoorkas of Franks's division—a very gallant gentleman indeed. In white kid gloves, a bright olive tunic trimmed with gold lace, and fastened across the breast with a clasp of diamonds; tight olive pantaloons, with gold stripe; a gay little olive skull-cap, with a gold lace rim, in front of which—mines of Golconda!—there glittered, broad and large as one's hand, an aigrette of great diamonds, into which was fixed jantily, a light, graceful plume of bird of paradise feathers, the ends of which were curved in a gentle waving bend by the weight of pearls and emeralds attached to them—a cimeter with jeweled hilt and sheath, and jeweled pistols by his side—what a contrast did our friend present to plain Sir Colin in his pith helmet, a plain blue frock coat with buttons, and corduroy trowsers, whose only mark of command was his air and his trusty old sabre tucked under his arm! Pulwan Singh, however, soon retired, and after a time, when we had watched shot and rocket for some time, not without some admiration for the Sepoys, who kept steadily inside their works in spite of our shells and the balls, which covered them with pillars of dust, most of us followed his example.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

"In this war, for the first time, a telegraphic wire has been carried along under fire and through the midst of a hostile country. *Pari passu*, from post to post it has moved on with our artillery, and scarcely has the Commander-in-Chief established his head-quarters at any spot where he intended to stay for a few days, when the post and the wire were established also. At one time the men are chased for miles by the enemy's cavalry—at another time they are attacked by the Sowars, and they and the wires are cut into pieces—again, their electric batteries are badly smashed by the fire of a gun, or their cart knocked to pieces by a round shot, but still they work on—creep over arid plains, across water-courses, span rivers, and pierce jungles, till, one after another, the rude poles raise aloft their slender burden, and the quick needle vibrates with its silent tongue amidst the thunder of the artillery. As Sir Colin advanced toward Lucknow the line was carried with or soon after him; a tent was pitched near his, a hole was dug in the ground and filled with water, and down dropped the wire from the pole stuck up in haste, dived into the water otter-like, the simple magnet was arranged, the battery set in play, and at once the steel moved responsive to every touch. The wire is thick, and is not protected by non-conducting coatings of any kind; it is twisted round the top of a rude pole fifteen or sixteen feet high, and, under ordinary states of the atmosphere, it is found to answer perfectly. We had not been very long in the Dilkoosha ere we saw, in dim perspective, the line of posts advancing toward us, and soon the wire was slipped into one of the drawing-room windows, and now it is at full work, surrounded by all the shattered splendor of the palace, inquiring after the Ghoorkas, asking for more of something or other, exchanging ideas between Sir Colin and Lord Canning, or flurrying along a newspaper message to yourself, amidst the whistle of the bullet, the roar of the round shot, and all the feverish scenes of war."



HOT SPRINGS NEAR SALT LAKE CITY.

PARLEY'S CANON.

DEVIL'S GATE (SOUTH PASS).

SALT LAKE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE illustration given below of Salt Lake City is probably the most accurate and effective that has ever appeared. The scene is of peculiar interest at the present time, as we may expect at any moment to hear of the occupation of the city by the United States troops.

This may not be an inappropriate time to place on record, for future reference, a few memoranda of the curious people whose final extinction the Mormon expedition is likely to achieve. In the year 1830, one Joseph Smith, an idle person who had lived upon the credulity of his acquaintance, associated himself with other knaves, and pretended to have discovered, through the aid of divine revelation, the "Book of Mormon," which was a sort of supplement to the Bible. Joseph Smith, like other impostors, found dupes, and planted his new sect at Kirtland, Ohio. From thence they removed to Jackson County, Missouri, where they proposed to remain. Meanwhile, however, their religious tenets had gained wind, and aroused fanatic opposition on the part of the religious people residing in that part of the country. The most offensive of the Mormon principles was that which tolerated, if it did not enjoin, polygamy. It would appear from very fair evidence that this doctrine was ingrafted upon the Mormon theology in subservience to the licentiousness of its founder. Mistress Joseph Smith was guardian of a family of girls, orphans, who lived in her house. Two of these fell victims to the unprincipled passions of Smith, who, smarting under the just indignation of his wife, adopted the polygamic doctrine in order to gratify his propensities without risk of domestic brawls. The bulk of his followers accepted the novelty without demur.

Not so the people of Missouri who were neighbors of the Mormons. They rebelled against Joe Smith's profanity and licentiousness, and after a brief struggle he resolved to remove further West. Nauvoo, in Illinois, was their chosen home. Here the Mormon community lived in prosperity for many years. They built themselves a magnificent temple, and laid out a fair city. Joe Smith was Mayor, and, in fact, irresponsible despot. He exercised a power which was inconsistent with the State authority, and carried out doctrines which were abhorrent to the Christians of his neighborhood. A feud sprung up between the Mormons and the people of the adjacent counties. It culminated in 1844, when both parties came to open warfare, and the chief of the Mormons, Joe Smith, was shot dead by an enraged mob, while in the jail of Carthage.

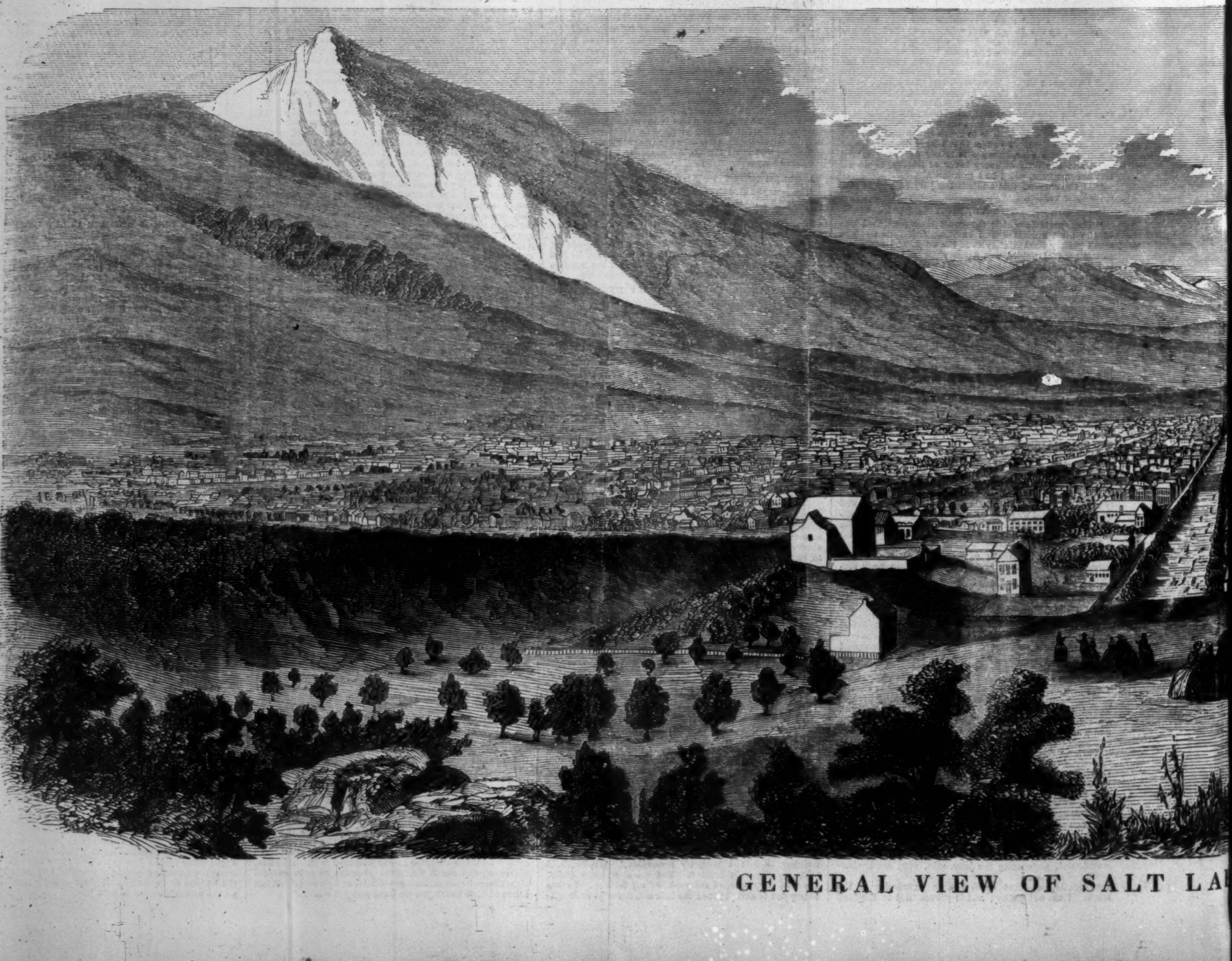
The sect continued for a brief period to inhabit their home at Nauvoo. But the animosity of the neighbors being by no means quenched, but rather gaining ground each successive month, the Mormons at last resolved, under the guidance of Brigham Young, Smith's successor, to seek a new home beyond the authority of the States. In the early part of 1846 the bulk of the Mormon community left Nauvoo. Their first stopping-place was just without the western boundary of the United States, on the borders of the Missouri. Here they inclosed land, planted crops, and spent twelve months in no enviable condition.

In the spring of 1847 Brigham Young dispatched a party to discover a new home far from the Gentiles, and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. In July of that year President Young, with the remainder of the sect, set foot in the Valley of Salt Lake. The site was singularly favorable. It was landlocked on all sides. In winter it was perfectly inaccessible, the cañons, or passes in the mountain ranges, being completely blocked with snow. Though the land was not very fertile, nor the climate as genial as might have been wished, the site was not unfavorable for agricultural operations or permanent settlement. It possessed the singular advantage of being one thousand miles distant—by a hard and dangerous route—from any civilized establishments.

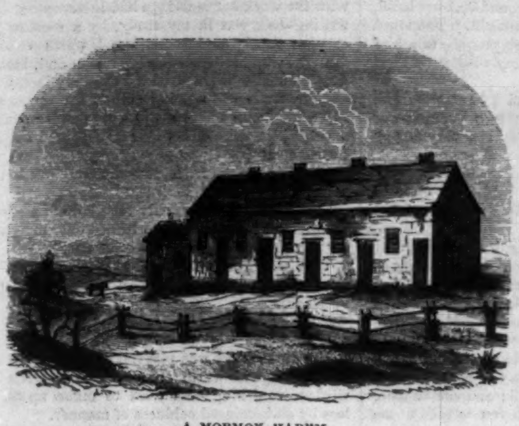
At a glance Brigham Young detected the advantages of the locality. He had a vision straightway, directing him to build a temple of the Latter-Day Saints to the Lord, in a favorable position on the border of the Wahsatch range; his people, with admirable faith, accepted the revelation, and fell to work at once.

That fall the ground adjacent to the temple was laid out and surveyed. Streets and squares were traced for a large city. Six thousand acres were fenced in, plowed, and sown. Still, during the winter of that year, the Mormons so narrowly escaped starvation that they were obliged to tear from the roofs of their huts the skins of wild beasts with which they had been covered, and to eat them. In the spring, Brigham Young brought reinforcements and supplies of cattle and provisions; and by dint of great exertions the little colony found itself, at the end of a few months, in a self-supporting condition. Grist and saw-mills had been erected; and considerable quantities of grain, melons, potatoes, and corn had been raised. Other settlements had been made at some little distance from the main city, with every prospect of prosperity. A Council House had been erected, and the temple was in a fair way of completion.

Finding himself at length undisputed sovereign of a fine territory, Brigham Young now resolved to inaugurate his political régime. He erected the settlement over which he presided, together with



GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LA



A MORMON HAREM.

TITHING OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY.

A MORMON HAREM.

the adjacent territory, into an independent commonwealth, by the name of the State of Deseret. He applied to the Congress of the United States for admission to the Union on an equal footing with the other States. And at the same time he dispatched trusty emissaries to almost every populous country in the world, to enlist recruits for the cause of Mormonism. He was more successful in the latter than in the former design. He obtained immense accessions of numerical strength for his sect. Hundreds and thousands of dissatisfied persons of both sexes, in the United States and in almost every country of Europe, professed Mormonism, and sent delegations to Salt Lake City. The stream of emigration was incessant. Men, women, cattle, machinery, stores of every kind, flowed freely into Salt Lake City, and the settlement throve accordingly. To do Brigham Young justice, the government of the settlement was administered in such a manner as to develop its resources and increase its wealth.

But the State of Deseret was not admitted into the Union. Instead, the Mormon settlement was duly erected into a Territory, and a territorial government established. Collisions had already taken place between United States officers and the local authorities; to avoid the recurrence of such accidents, the President appointed the Mormon magistrates United States officers. Brigham Young was commissioned as United States Territorial Governor and Indian Agent. It was a timid avoidance of an ultimately unavoidable collision.

That collision has now come. The Mormons are resolutely determined not to submit to any authorities save those elected by themselves. They have rebelled against the magistrates set over them by the United States. They have expelled our judges, and destroyed the records of their courts. It is said that they have been accessory to the murder of United States citizens. Certain it is that neither life nor property are secure in the Territory which they inhabit, and that no redress for injuries perpetrated upon United States citizens can be obtained from the Mormon courts. It is equally certain that, at the present time, the followers of Brigham Young are in open rebellion against the United States, and that by this time they have either surrendered as prisoners of war, or a terrible conflict has ensued between them and the force of United States troops under the orders of General Johnston.

The Salt Lake City, represented in the picture given below, covers twelve square miles of ground, being four miles in length by three in breadth. The streets are all at right angles to each other; they are 122 feet wide, with sidewalks of 20 feet on each side. Each block is forty rods square, and is divided into eight lots of an acre and a quarter each. A city ordinance requires each house to be planted at a distance of twenty feet from the street, and the intervening space to be shaded with trees. These explanations will clear up a doubt which the picture below will at first suggest. At first sight it will seem to represent a city at least as large as New York, with a million or so of inhabitants; the size of the lots and the diffusion of the buildings will at once account for the extent of ground covered by the city.

Travelers who have crossed the plains describe the site and distribution of the city as singularly prepossessing. The traveler comes upon it after a long and weary march over arid plains almost destitute of vegetation, and wholly devoid of every pleasing object. On descending the slope of the Wahsatch range his eye suddenly embraces the valley in which the city rests. On the west flows the Jordan, which unites Great Salt and Utah lakes. On the south, for a distance of twenty-five miles, stretches an unbroken plain, intersected by several little streams. On the east and north the mountain-range slopes downward in a series of steps. One of these gives birth to a miniature torrent, which comes gushing out of the rock. Another is the source of a hot spring, which the Mormons have ingeniously turned to excellent account for the construction of warm baths.

The houses are mostly constructed of adobé, or burned bricks; and, with few exceptions, are, like the dwellings in Central America and Mexico, long, low, straggling edifices. They are well thatched, and generally comfortable. A few of the public buildings possess higher claims to architectural eminence, but lumber is so dear that they must remain few and far between. The most striking feature in Salt Lake City is the admirable system of internal water-works. It is a miniature Venice. A stream, which originally flowed through the site covered by the city, has been diverted into a number of channels running through each street. Every resident thus has a never-failing supply of good water at his own door, and is enabled to raise trees and flowers, which, in that climate, never could be grown without this artificial irrigation.

Such is the city which may by this time be in the possession of the United States troops. It is understood that, if there be any fighting, it will take place in the cañons and mountain-passes behind which the city nestles. The city itself is indefensible against an enemy who has crossed the mountains. A few days more will enable us to judge with more accuracy of the intentions of the Mormons.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

I.

Say Grace: it is not time misspent:
Worst food this betters, and the best,
Wanting this natural condiment,
Breeds crudeness, and will not digest.

II.

God loves no heart to others iced,
Nor erring flatteries, which bedim
Our glorious membership of Christ,
Wherein all loving His love Him.

III.

All blessings ask a blessed mood:
The sauce is here much more than meat:
Happy who chooses gratitude!
That wanting, God will try regret.

CITY, UTAH TERRITORY

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the gray-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself and went out of the great world to fulfill it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding-school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears come to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and—above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and, if they break in my hand, you can not help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gayety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for a while, till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first; and here she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no more about her! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bedroom is ready, the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in checkered radiance on my path. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying, in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked, coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton?"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in light, soft folds. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead: not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank, and smiling; her eyebrows arched as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark gray, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterward to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them.

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, Cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog!" I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty-spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, Cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing—" She stopped short, and colored.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world!

She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were, as she had said, beautiful, and what was better far, brimful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race; I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging toward a respectable middle age, with one or two gray hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams), and that was a woman's love.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way toward home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well? What ails you, Cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to London before?"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have staid nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and, thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon it is you, Frank). They vow they can not do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And, by-and-by, I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the door-way of a silent farm-house, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said, softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me when I say you have won my whole heart, and I can not be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you trust me, and do you love me?"

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can stand before you and speak so calmly? Because I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and I should weary your life out by my constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and because you could not get me there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now.

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep, deep tenderness—and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervent glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably, if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling."

"But will it last? Oh, Frank, will it last?"

I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

We were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think that but for me it might have lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called Alice fickle—oh, how wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her most like a child. She was no angel—a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek—it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said—"Stop. Shut the door, and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

She loved me. Every cord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key. Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. I can see it now. Some wise idea found its way into my head and whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character would never develop its strength in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had already been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction; and quite unconscious that while she was getting back all the innocent gayety of her childish years, the deep lessons of her womanhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

If for a time she had charmed me out of my graver self, I resolved to be charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law-papers without speaking to her. Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took up her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I would cease to hear the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The sense of her love half pained me, and I said, curtly,

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

She dropped her pen, only too glad of an excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned over my chair.

"And why? when I love some one."

This was a bad beginning of the lesson. I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much."

Her light hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased coldness of manner.

"One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice! What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up, and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis?"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh—so faint that I could scarcely hear it—and left the room. I had scared her gayety away for that morning.

This was the first cloud in our sky.

It seems strange now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, how perseveringly I labored to destroy the foundation of peace and happiness on which I might have built my life.

In the midst of our estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misgiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books, or writing all the time—there was a day when both books and manuscript were put away, and she was bending over him, with her tears falling fast, as she tried to hush his moans, and looked into his fast glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness, when she lay on the low couch, with her arm around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. And when the poor creature's last breath was drawn, she bent over him with a passionate burst of grief, kissed the white spot upon his forehead, and closed the soft, dark eyes, that even in death were turned toward her with a loving look.

She did not come to me for sympathy. She watched alone, while the gardener dug a grave and buried him beneath the study window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visit to his grave till I was busy with my papers for the evening. So the year, which had begun in love and happiness, came to its close.

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house as she came on tip-toe and bent over my chair.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, tied with blue ribbons, before me.

"I have been to the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which, perhaps, you may not like so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and leaning her hand lightly on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses, for some time; and, when she did this of her own accord, I wheeled round in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy to-day, Alice?"

"It is somebody's birthday," she said, stationing herself upon my knee, and looking into my eyes. "And I wish somebody very many happy returns:"—her voice faltered a little—"and if there has been any wrong feeling, Francis, for the last six months, we will bury it to-day, now and forever."

She clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was moved, in spite of myself, and kissed the brown hair that was scattered over my shoulder, and said I was quite willing to forget every thing (as if I had any thing to forget)! At which she looked up with a bright smile, and I dare say thought me very magnanimous.

"And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

"If you will, my child."

She caressed me again, after a queer little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to my forehead, two to each cheek, two to the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes. She went through this ceremony with a painstaking care, and then looked me in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment, and efface the past and its unhappiness. I held her closely to my heart, and her arms were around my neck.

Will any one believe it? My wife had scarcely left me five moments before the fancy came to me that I had shown too plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coldness and indifference, and at her very first warm kiss or smile I was completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted, and annoyed me much during those months: it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely before she had even asked my forgiveness. I took a sudden resolution; and, when she came back into the room, was buried in my papers once more. Poor child! She had had one half hour's sunshine at least.

"One moment," she said, taking the pen out of my hand, and holding something up over my head. "I have a birthday gift for you. Do you want it?"

"If you give it to me, certainly."

"Then ask me for it."

I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said, timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by-the-way—St. Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say that one should never ask or refuse any thing."

"Well! But I'm not talking to *Saint* Francis; I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little bronze inkstand, made like a Cupid, with his quiver full of pens) at my feet, and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up the figure: it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little god of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

She placed the fragments one upon the other, and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh! Francis," she added, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting my hand to her lips, "why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale.

"I will go, then. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me?

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But—"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on!"

"I do not love you—not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white, and gave me such a look of anguish, that I repented of my cruelty and forgot my anger.

"I do not mean that, Alice!" I cried. "You look ill and pale. Believe me, I was only jesting."

"I can bear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that can not be borne—in one way or other."

She turned and left the room quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and only a white, pale light came through the window. I so connected it with her sorrow, that to this day I can never see the golden radiance come and go across my path without the same sharp, knife-like pang that I felt then, as the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ALICE became weaker and grew really ill. A tour on the Continent was strongly recommended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours—one Mr. and Mrs. Warrener, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad nine months, instead of six.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would cross to Dover on the morrow. I went down to Dover to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me again!

I was worn, haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurried journey. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me they had arrived.

I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life. Warrener grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs. Warrener—bless her kind heart!—burst out crying.

"Oh! my dear Frank, I am so glad to see you. And we have brought you your Alice home, so well!"

Next moment she entered, a little King Charles's spaniel frisking about her feet. I had her in my arms at once, but it was not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her face.

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone.

"Not in the least ill, Frank," she said, quietly. "But you must remember I have not seen you for nine months, and you startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice this. I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could reanimate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day. One morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast—for Alice took that meal in her room now—the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around.

"Not too busy to talk to you," she said.

"Alice, how long are we to live this life?"

She changed color.

"What life, Frank?"

"The one we are living now. It is not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were."

"I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why can not the old days come back again? If I made a terrible mistake, can you never forgive it? I thought it was foolish for us to love each other as we did—at least, to show it as we did—but I have found now that love is earth's only true wisdom."

She smiled, sadly.

"Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh! give me back the lost sunshine."

I rose from my seat and stood beside her; but she drew back and shook her head.

"Frank, don't ask me for that."

"I shall know how to value it now, Alice."

"That may be; but I have it not to give you, my poor Frank."

I clasped her to my heart. The passion in that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but she did not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and only looked at me and sighed.

"Too late! Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?"

"Forgive? Do you think I have one unkind thought or feeling toward you, Frank? Ah, no! But I am chilled through and through. My love is dead and buried. Stand away from its grave, and let us meet the world as we best may."

I leaned my head upon my hands, and my tears fell, and I was not ashamed of them. But they seemed to rouse her into a kind of frenzy.

"You?" she exclaimed, suddenly. "You, who a year ago sowed the seed which has borne this fruit, can you weep over your husbandry now? Don't, Frank! Take what I can give you—take my earnest friendship—and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven."

"Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there—you will love me again."

She quoted those sad words which poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying bed:

> "Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même?"
> (What would an isolated soul do even in heaven itself?)

and laid her hand gently on mine.

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we first met, I loved you on that unhappy day, and love you still!"

"I am glad to hear it," she said, hurriedly. "Heaven only knows what days and nights were mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to separate them. I thought at first that I could not live. I suppose every one thinks so when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and, by-and-by, peace. We seem like two gray shadows, Frank, in a silent world, and we must only wait God's time; and hope that, on the other side of the grave, at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, I am happy in being with you, Frank—happy in thinking that the same roof shelters us, and that we shall not part till one of us two dies."

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more; her arms were around my neck, and her head upon my shoulder, and her lips meeting mine. Not as they used to do, yet tenderly and kindly.

"We are older and wiser than we were; and sadder, too, dear Frank," she said, with a smile. "Yet who knows? It may be that all the love has not left us yet."

And thus that chapter of our life ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have waited calmly for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the eyes of Alice; the same deep, sad tone thrills my heart when I hear her speaking or singing. An angel could scarcely be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was unreasonable and exacting and ardent and imperious in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the strain to keep pace with hers; but, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

It would have been different but for me. Oh you, who read this little tale, remember in time that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do such great work; and that there is no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

Saith a very homely proverb (pardon its vulgarity), "You can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." But a sow's ear is a much finer work of art than a silk purse. And grand, indeed, the mechanician who could make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, or conjure into creatures of flesh and blood the sarcenet and *tulle* of a London drawing-room.

"MAMMA," asked Honoria Carr Vipont, "what sort of a person was Mrs. Darrell?"

"She was not in our set, my dear," answered Lady Selina. "The Vipont Crookes are just one of those connections in which, though, of course, one is civil to all connections, one is more or less intimate, according as they take after the Viponts or after the Crookes. Poor woman! she died just before Mr. Darrell entered Parliament, and appeared in society. But I should say she was not an agreeable person. Not nice," added Lady Selina, after a pause, and conveying a world of meaning in that conventional monosyllable.

"I suppose she was very accomplished—very clever?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear. Mr. Darrell was exceedingly young when he married—scarcely of age. She was not the sort of woman to suit him."

"But at least she must have been very much attached to him—very proud of him?"

Lady Selina glanced aside from her work, and observed her daughter's face, which evinced an animation not usual to a young lady of a breeding so lofty, and a mind so well disciplined.

"I don't think," said Lady Selina, "that she was proud of him. She would have been proud of his station, or rather of that to which his fame and fortune would have raised her, had she lived to enjoy it. But for a few years after her marriage they were very poor; and though his rise at the bar was sudden and brilliant, he was long wholly absorbed in his profession, and lived in Bloomsbury. Mrs. Darrell was not proud of *that*. The Crookes are generally fine—give themselves airs—marry into great houses if they can—but we can't naturalize them—they always remain Crookes—useful connections, very! Carr says we have not a more useful—but third-rate, my dear. All the Crookes are bad wives, because they are never satisfied with their own homes, but are always trying to get into great people's homes. Not very long before she died, Mrs. Darrell took her friend and relation, Mrs. Lyndsay, to live with her. I suspect it was not from affection, or any great consideration for Mrs. Lyndsay's circumstances (which were indeed those of actual destitution, till—thanks to Mr. Darrell—she won her lawsuit), but simply because she looked to Mrs. Lyndsay to get her into our set. Mrs. Lyndsay was a great favorite with all of us, charming manners—perfectly correct, too—thorough Vipont—thorough gentlewoman—but artful! Oh, *so* artful! She humored poor Mrs. Darrell's absurd vanity; but she took care not to injure herself. Of course, Darrell's wife, and a Vipont—though only a Vipont Crooke—had free passport into the outskirts of good society; the great parties, and so forth. But there it stopped; even I should have been compromised if I had admitted into our set a woman who was bent on compromising herself. Handsome—in a bad style—not the Vipont *tournure;* and not only silly and flirting, but—(we are alone, keep the secret)—decidedly vulgar, my dear."

"You amaze me! How such a man—" Honoria stopped, coloring up to the temples.

"Clever men," said Lady Selina, "as a general rule, do choose the oddest wives! The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in. However, to do Mr. Darrell justice, he has been taken in only once. After Mrs. Darrell's death, Mrs. Lyndsay, I suspect, tried her chance, but failed. Of course, she could not actually stay in the same house with a widower who was then young, and who had only to get rid of a wife to whom one was forced to be shy, in order to be received into our set with open arms; and, in short, to be of the very best *monde*. Mr. Darrell came into Parliament immensely rich (a legacy from an old East Indian, besides his own professional savings)—took the house he has now, close by us. Mrs. Lyndsay was obliged to retire to a cottage at Fulham. But as she professed to be a second mother to poor Matilda Darrell, she contrived to be very much at Carlton Gardens; her daughter Caroline was nearly always there, profiting by Matilda's masters; and I did think that Mrs. Lyndsay would have caught Darrell—but your papa said 'No,' and he was right, as he always is. Nevertheless, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been an excellent wife to a public man—so popular—knew the world so well—never made enemies till she made an enemy of poor dear Montfort; but that was natural. By-the-by, I must write to Caroline. Sweet creature! but how absurd, shutting herself up as if she were fretting for Montfort! That's so like her mother—heartless—but full of propriety."

Here Carr Vipont and Colonel Morley entered the room. "We have just left Darrell," said Carr; "he will dine here to-day, to meet our cousin Alban. I have asked *his* cousin, young Haughton, and * * * *, and * * * *, *your* cousins, Selina—(a small party of cousins)—so lucky to find Darrell disengaged."

"I ventured to promise," said the Colonel, addressing Honoria in an under voice, "that Darrell should hear you play Beethoven."

HONORIA. "Is Mr. Darrell so fond of music, then?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "One would not have thought it. He keeps a secretary at Fawley who plays the flute. There's something very interesting about Darrell. I wish you could hear his ideas on marriage and domestic life—more freshness of heart than in the young men one meets nowadays. It may be prejudice; but it seems to me that the young fellows of the present race, if more sober and staid than we were, are sadly wanting in character and spirit—no warm blood in their veins. But I should not talk thus to a demoiselle who has all those young fellows at her feet."

"Oh," said Lady Selina, overhearing, and with a half-laugh, "Honoria thinks much as you do; she finds the young men so insipid—all like one another—the same set phrases."

"The same stereotyped ideas," added Honoria, moving away with a gesture of calm disdain.

"A very superior mind hers," whispered the Colonel to Carr Vipont. "*She'll* never marry a fool."

Guy Darrell was very pleasant at "the small family dinner-party." Carr was always popular in his manners—the true old House of Commons manner, which was very like that of a gentlemanlike public school. Lady Selina, as has been said before, in her own family circle was natural and genial. Young Carr, there, without his wife, more pretentious than his father—being a Lord of the Admiralty—felt a certain awe of Darrell, and spoke little, which was much to his own credit, and to the general conviviality. The other members of the symposium, besides Lady Selina, Honoria, and a younger sister, were but Darrell, Lionel, and Lady Selina's two cousins; elderly peers—one with the garter, the other in the cabinet—jovial men, who had been wild fellows once in the same mess-room, and still joked at each other whenever they met as they met now. Lionel, who remembered Vance's description of Lady Selina, and who had since heard her spoken of in society as a female despot who carried to perfection the arts by which despots flourish, with majesty to impose, and caresses to deceive—an Aurungzebe in petticoats—was sadly at a loss to reconcile such portraiture with the good-humored, motherly woman who talked to him of her home, her husband, her children, with open fondness and becoming pride, and who, far from being so formidably clever as the world cruelly gave out, seemed to Lionel rather below par in her understanding; strike from her talk its kindliness, and the residue was very like twaddle. After dinner, various members of the Vipont family dropped in—asked impromptu by Carr or by Lady Selina, in hasty three-cornered notes, to take that occasion of renewing their acquaintance with their distinguished connection. By some accident, among those invited there were but few young single ladies; and by some other accident, those few were all plain. Honoria Vipont was unequivocally the belle of the room. It could not but be observed that Darrell seemed struck with her—talked with her more than with any other lady; and when she went to the piano, and played that great air of Beethoven's, in which music seems to have got into a knot that only fingers the most artful can unravel, Darrell remained in his seat aloof and alone, listening, no doubt, with ravished attention. But just as the air ended, and Honoria turned round to look for him, he was gone.

Lionel did not linger long after him. The gay young man went, thence, to one of those vast crowds which seem convened for a practical parody of Mr. Bentham's famous proposition—contriving the smallest happiness for the greatest number.

It was a very great house, belonging to a very great person. Colonel Morley had procured an invitation for Lionel, and said, "Go; *you* should be seen there." Colonel Morley had passed the age of growing-into society—no such cares for the morrow could add a cubit to his conventional stature. One among a group of other young men by the door-way, Lionel beheld Darrell, who had arrived before him, listening to a very handsome young lady, with an attention quite as earnest as that which had gratified the superior mind of the well-educated Honoria. A very handsome young lady certainly, but not with a superior mind, nor supposed hitherto to have found young gentlemen "insipid." Doubtless she would henceforth do so. A few minutes after, Darrell was listening again—this time to another young lady, generally called "fast." If his attentions to her were not marked, hers to him were. She rattled on to him volubly, laughed, pretty hoyden, at her own sallies, and seemed at last so to fascinate him by her gay spirits that he sate down by her side; and the playful smile on his lips—lips that had learned to be so gravely firm—showed that he could enter still into the mirth of childhood; for surely to the time-worn man the fast young lady must have seemed but a giddy child. Lionel was amused. Could this be the austere recluse whom he had left in the shades of Fawley? Guy Darrell, at his years, with his dignified repute, the object of so many nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles—could *he* descend to be that most frivolous of characters, a male coquet? Was he in earnest—was his vanity duped? Looking again, Lionel saw in his kinsman's face a sudden return of the sad despondent expression which had moved his own young pity in the solitudes of Fawley. But in a moment the man roused himself—the sad expression was gone. Had the girl's merry laugh again chased it away? But Lionel's attention was now drawn from Darrell himself to the observations murmured round him, of which Darrell was the theme.

"Yes, he is bent on marrying again! I have it from Alban Morley—immense fortune—and so young-looking, any girl might fall in love with such eyes and forehead; besides what a jointure he could settle! . . . Do look at that girl, Flora Vyvyan, trying to make a fool of him. She can't appreciate that kind of man, and she would not be caught by his money—does not want it. . . . I wonder she is not afraid of him. He is certainly quizzing her. . . . The men think her pretty—I don't. . . . They say he is to return to Parliament, and have a place in the Cabinet. . . . No! he has no children living—very natural he should marry again. . . . A nephew!—you are quite mistaken. Young Haughton is no nephew—a very distant connection—could not expect to be the heir. . . . It was given out though, at Paris. The Duchess thought so, and so did Lady Jane. They'll not be so civil to young Haughton now. . . . Hush—"

Lionel, wishing to hear no more, glided by, and penetrated farther into the throng. And then, as he proceeded, with those last words on his ear, the consciousness came upon him that his position had undergone a change. Difficult to define it; to an ordinary by-stander, people would have seemed to welcome him cordially as ever. The gradations of respect in polite society are so exquisitely delicate, that it seems only by a sort of magnetism that one knows from day to day whether one has risen or declined. A man has lost high office, patronage, power, never, perhaps, to regain them. People don't turn their backs on him; their smiles are as gracious, their hands as flatteringly extended. But that man would be dull as a rhinoceros if he did not feel as every one who accosts him feels—that he has descended in the ladder. So with all else. Lose even your fortune, it is not the next day in a London drawing-room that your friends look as if you were going to ask them for five pounds. Wait a year or so for that. But if they have just heard you are ruined, you will *feel* that they have heard it, let them bow ever so courteously, smile ever

so kindly. Lionel at Paris, in the last year or so, had been more than fashionable: he had been the fashion—courted, run after, petted, quoted, imitated. That evening he felt as an author may feel who has been the rage, and, without fault of his own, is so no more. The rays that had gilt him had gone back to the orb that lent. And they who were most genial still to Lionel Haughton, were those who still most respected thirty-five thousand pounds a year—in Guy Darrell!

Lionel was angry with himself that he felt galled. But in his wounded pride there was no mercenary regret—only that sort of sickness which comes to youth when the hollowness of worldly life is first made clear to it. From the faces round him there fell that glamour by which the *amour propre* is held captive in large assemblies, where the *amour propre* is flattered. "Magnificent, intelligent audience," thinks the applauded actor. "Delightful party," murmurs the worshiped beauty. Glamour! glamour! Let the audience yawn while the actor mouths; let the party neglect the beauty to adore another, and straightway the "magnificent audience" is an "ignorant public," and "the delightful party" a "heartless world."

CHAPTER X.

Escaped from a London Drawing-Room, flesh once more tingles, and blood flows—Guy Darrell explains to Lionel Haughton why he holds it a duty to be—an old fool.

LIONEL HAUGHTON glided through the disenchanted rooms, and breathed a long breath of relief when he found himself in the friendless streets.

As he walked slow and thoughtful on, he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder, turned, and saw Darrell.

"Give me your arm, my dear Lionel; I am tired out. What a lovely night! What sweet scorn in the eyes of those stars that we have neglected for yon flaring lights!"

LIONEL. "Is it scorn—is it pity? Is it but serene indifference?"

DARRELL. "As we ourselves interpret; if scorn be present in our own hearts, it will be seen in the disc of Jupiter. Man, egoist though he be, exacts sympathy from all the universe. Joyous, he says to the sun, 'Life-giver, rejoice with me.' Grieving, he says to the moon, 'Pensive one, thou sharest my sorrow.' Hope for fame; a star is its promise! Mourn for the dead; a star is the land of reunion! Say to Earth, 'I have done with thee;' to Time, 'Thou hast naught to bestow;' and all Space cries aloud, 'The earth is a speck, thine inheritance infinity. Time melts while thou sighest. The discontent of a mortal is the instinct that proves thee immortal.' Thus construing Nature, Nature is our companion, our consoler. Benign as the playmate, she lends herself to our shifting humors. Serious as the teacher, she responds to the steadier inquiries of reason. Mystic and hallowed as the priestess, she keeps alive by dim oracles that spiritual yearning wit[illegible], in which, from savage to sage—through all dreams, through all greeds—thrills the sense of a link with Divinity. Never, therefore, while conferring with Nature, is Man wholly alone, nor is she a single companion with uniform shape. Ever new, ever various, she can pass from gay to severe—from fancy to science—quick as thought passes from the dance of a leaf, from the tint of a rainbow, to the theory of motion, the problem of light. But lose Nature—forget or dismiss her—make companions, by hundreds, of men who ignore her, and I will not say with the poet, 'This is solitude.' But in the commune, what stale monotony, what weary sameness!"

Thus Darrell continued to weave together sentence with sentence, the intermediate connection of meaning often so subtle, that when put down on paper it requires effort to discern it. But it was his peculiar gift to make clear when spoken, what in writing would seem obscure. Look, manner, each delicate accent in a voice wonderfully distinct in its unrivaled melody, all so aided the sense of mere words, that it is scarcely extravagant to say he might have talked an unknown language, and a listener would have understood. But, understood or not, those sweet intonations it was such delight to hear, that any one with nerves alive to music would have murmured, "Talk on forever." And in this gift lay one main secret of the man's strange influence over all who came familiarly into his intercourse; so that if Darrell had ever bestowed confidential intimacy on any one not by some antagonistic idiosyncracy steeled against its charm, and that intimacy had been withdrawn, a void never to be refilled must have been left in the life thus robbed.

Stopping at his door, as Lionel, rapt by the music, had forgotten the pain of the reverie so bewitchingly broken, Darrell detained the hand held out to him, and said, "No, not yet—I have something to say to you: come in; let me say it now."

Lionel bowed his head, and in surprised conjecture followed his kinsman up the lofty stairs into the same comfortless stately room that has been already described. When the servant closed the door, Darrell sank into a chair. Fixing his eyes upon Lionel with almost parental kindness, and motioning his young cousin to sit by his side, close, he thus began:

"Lionel, before I was your age I was married—I was a father. I am lonely and childless now. My life has been moulded by a solemn obligation which so few could comprehend, that I scarce know a man living beside yourself to whom I would frankly confide it. Pride of family is a common infirmity—often petulant with the poor, often insolent with the rich; but rarely, perhaps, out of that pride do men construct a positive binding duty, which at all self-sacrifice should influence the practical choice of life. As a child, before my judgment could discern how much of vain superstition may lurk in our reverence for the dead, my whole heart was engaged in a passionate dream, which my waking existence became vowed to realize. My father!—my lip quivers, my eyes moisten as I recall him, even now—my father!—I loved him so intensely!—the love of childhood how fearfully strong it is! All in him was so gentle, yet so sensitive—chivalry without its armor. I was his constant companion: he spoke to me unreservedly, as a poet to his muse. I wept at his sorrows—I chafed at his humiliations. He talked of ancestors as he thought of them; to him they were beings like the old Lares—not dead in graves, but images ever present on household hearths. Doubtless he exaggerated their worth—as their old importance. Obscure, indeed, in the annals of empire, their deeds and their power, their decline and fall. Not so thought he; they were to his eyes the moon track in the ocean of history—light on the waves over which they had gleamed—all the ocean elsewhere dark! With him thought I; as my father spoke, his child believed. But what to the eyes of the world was this inheritor of a vaunted name?—a threadbare, slighted, rustic pedent—no station in the very province in which mouldered away the last lowly dwelling-place of his line. By lineage high above most nobles, in position below most yeoman. He had learning, he had genius; but the studies to which they were devoted only served yet more to impoverish his scanty means, and led rather to ridicule than to honor. Not a day but what I saw on his soft features the smart of a fresh sting, the gnawing of a new care. Thus, as a boy, feeling in myself a strength inspired by affection, I came to him, one day as he sate grieving, and kneeling to him, said, 'Father, courage yet a little while; I shall soon be man, and I swear to devote myself as man to revive the old fading race so prized by you; to rebuild the House that, by you so loved, is loftier in my eyes than all the heraldry of kings.' And my father's face brightened, and his voice blessed me; and I rose up ambitious!" Darrell paused, heaved a short, quick sigh, and then rapidly continued:

"I was fortunate at the university. That was a day when chiefs of party looked for recruits among young men who had given the proofs, and won the first fruits of emulation and assiduity. For statesmanship then was deemed an art which, like that of war, needs early discipline. I had scarcely left college when I was offered a seat in Parliament by the head of the Viponts, an old Lord Montfort. I was dazzled but for one moment—I declined the next. The fallen House of Darrell needed wealth, and Parliamentary success, in its higher honors, often requires wealth—never gives it. It chanced that I had a college acquaintance with a young man named Vipont Crooke. His grandfather, one of the numberless Viponts, had been compelled to add the name of Crooke to his own on succeeding to the property of some rich uncle, who was one of the numberless Crookes. I went with this college acquaintance to visit the old Lord Montfort, at his villa near London, and thence to the country-house of the Vipont Crookes. I staid at the last two or three weeks. While there, I received a letter from the elder Fairthorn, my father's bailiff, entreating me to come immediately to Fawley, hinting at some great calamity. On taking leave of my friend and his family, something in the manner of his sister startled and pained me—an evident confusion, a burst of tears—I know not what. I had never sought to win her affections. I had an ideal of the woman I could love. It did not resemble her. On reaching Fawley, conceive the shock that awaited me. My father was like one heart-stricken. The principal mortgagee was about to foreclose—Fawley about to pass forever from the race of the Darrells. I saw that the day my father was driven from the old house would be his last on earth. What means to save him?—how raise the pitiful sum—but a few thousands—by which to release from the spoiler's gripe those barren acres which all the lands of the Seymour or the Gower could never replace in my poor father's eyes? My sole income was a college fellowship, adequate to all my wants, but useless for sale or loan. I spent the night in vain consultation with Fairthorn. There seemed not a hope. Next morning came a letter from young Vipont Crooke. It was manly and frank, though somewhat coarse. With the consent of his parents he offered me his sister's hand, and a dowry of £10,000. He hinted, in excuse for his bluntness, that, perhaps from motives of delicacy, if I felt a preference for his sister, I might not deem myself rich enough to propose, and—but it matters not what else he said. You foresee the rest. My father's life could be saved from despair—his beloved home be his shelter to the last. That dowry would more than cover the paltry debt upon the lands. I gave myself not an hour to pause. I hastened back to the house to which fate had led me. But," said Darrell, proudly, "do not think I was base enough, even with such excuses, to deceive the young lady. I told her what was true; that I could not profess to her the love painted by romance-writers and poets; but that I loved no other, and that, if she deigned to accept my hand, I should studiously consult her happiness, and gratefully confide to her my own. I said also, what was true, that, if she married me, ours must be for some years a life of privation and struggle; that even the interest of her fortune must be devoted to my father while he lived, though every shilling of its capital would be settled on herself and her children. How I blessed her when she accepted me, despite my candor!—how earnestly I prayed that I might love, and cherish, and requite her!" Darrell paused, in evident suffering. "And, thank Heaven! I have nothing on that score wherewith to reproach myself. And the strength of that memory enabled me to bear and forbear more than otherwise would have been possible to my quick spirit, and my man's heart. My dear father! his death was happy—his home was saved—he never knew at what sacrifice to his son! He was gladdened by the first honors my youth achieved. He was resigned to my choice of a profession, which, though contrary to his antique prejudices, that allowed to the representative of the Darrells no profession but the sword, still promised the wealth which would secure his name from perishing. He was credulous of my future, as if I had uttered, not a vow, but a prediction. He had blessed my union, without foreseeing its sorrows. He had embraced my first-born—true, it was a girl, but it was one link onward from ancestors to posterity. And almost his last words were these: 'You *will* restore the race—you *will* revive the name! and my son's children will visit the antiquary's grave, and learn gratitude to him for all that his idle lessons taught to your healthier vigor.' And I answered: 'Father, your line shall not perish from the land; and when I am rich and great, and lordships spread far round the lowly hall that your life ennobled, I will say to your grandchildren, "Honor ye and your son's sons, while a Darrell yet treads the earth—honor him to whom I owe every thought which nerved me to toil for what you who come after me may enjoy."'

"And so the old man, whose life had been so smileless, died smiling."

By this time Lionel had stolen Darrell's hand into his own—his heart swelling with childlike tenderness, and the tears rolling down his cheeks.

Darrell gently kissed his young kinsman's forehead, and, extricating himself from Lionel's clasp, paced the room, and spoke on while pacing it.

"I made, then, a promise; it is not kept. No child of mine survives to be taught reverence to my father's grave. My wedded life was not happy; its record needs no words. Of two children born to me, both are gone. My son went first. I had thrown my life's life into him—a boy of energy, of noble promise. 'Twas for him I began to build that baffled fabric—'*Sepulchri immemor*.' For him I bought, acre on acre, all the land within reach of Fawley—lands twelve miles distant. I had meant to fill up the intervening space—to buy out a mushroom Earl, whose woods and corn-fields lie between. I was scheming the purchase—scrawling on the county map—when they brought the news that the boy I had just taken back to school was dead—drowned bathing on a calm summer eve! No, Lionel. I must go on. *That* grief I have wrestled with—conquered. I was widowed then. A daughter still left—the first-born, whom my father had blessed on his death-bed. I transferred all my love, all my hopes, to her. I had no vain preference for male heirs. Is a race less pure that runs on through the female line? Well, my son's death was merciful compared to—" Again Darrell stopped—again hurried on. "Enough! all is forgiven in the grave! I was then still in the noon of man's life, free to form new ties. Another grief that I can not tell you; it is not all conquered yet. And by that grief the last verdure of existence was so blighted, that—that—in short, I had no heart for nuptial altars—for the social world. Years went by. Each year I said, 'Next year the wound will be healed; I have time yet.' Now age is near, the grave not far; now, if ever, I must fulfill the promise that cheered my father's death-bed. Nor does that duty comprise all my motives. If I would regain healthful thought, manly action, for my remaining years, I must feel that one haunting memory is exorcised, and forever laid at rest. It can be so only—whatever my risk of new cares—whatever the folly of the hazard at my age—be so only by—by—" Once more Darrell paused, fixed his eyes steadily on Lionel, and, opening his arms, cried out, "Forgive me, my noble Lionel, that I am not contented with an heir like you; and do not you mock at the old man who dreams that woman may love him yet, and that his own children may inherit his father's home."

Lionel sprang to the breast that opened to him; and if Darrell had planned how best to remove from the young man's mind forever the possibility of one selfish pang, no craft could have attained his object like that touching confidence before which the disparities between youth and age literally vanished. And, both made equal, both elevated alike, verily I know not which at the moment felt the elder or the younger! Two noble hearts, intermingled in one emotion, are set free from all time save the present; par each with each, they meet as brothers twin-born.

THE "SUSQUEHANNA" AND HER LAST CRUISE.

THE United States steam frigate *Susquehanna*, of which we present a fine engraving on the opposite page, has lately arrived at New York, after an eventful cruise of some two years.

She went into commission, Captain Joshua R. Sands commanding, on 5th May, 1856, and on 17th of the same month stood to sea for Havana. A month was spent in Central American latitudes, between the island of Cuba and the port of Aspinwall; after which the *Susquehanna* was ordered to the Mediterranean squadron. She made Fayal on 12th and Gibraltar on 23d July. The ensuing ten months were spent pleasantly enough in the Mediterranean.

The *Susquehanna* visited most of the Mediterranean ports. She lay some time at Naples, and was also familiar at Gibraltar, Port Mahon, Malaga, Toulon, Genoa, Spezzia, Civita Vecchia, and Palermo. The chief business of the officers and men was to keep themselves well supplied with provisions. A little practice at target-shooting and reefing topsails prevented the men from coming to the conclusion—which otherwise would have been obvious—that they were on a pleasure trip; but the duties of the officers were not so arduous but that they had ample time to enjoy the glorious climate of the Mediterranean and the many enjoyments which are offered to travelers on its shores. We read constantly, in a log which has been submitted to us, of "the ship" being "again enlivened by sweet music and the delightful singing" of Italian damsels; these seamen, who gallantly invited some of the opera-singers to a ball, and discovered, to their dismay, that the mercenary vocalists expected to be paid for their attendance, are entitled to our heart's sympathy. Altogether, however, we can not pretend to much commiseration for people who spent nearly a year in the Mediterranean on board a fine ship, with no reasonable wish ungratified, and nothing to do.

This time last year the *Susquehanna* was ordered to England to assist the *Niagara* in laying the Telegraphic cable. She arrived at the Isle of Wight toward the close of May, and her officers participated in the civilities which the English lavished on all who were concerned in the Telegraph enterprise. She took part in the expedition, as is known, and her officers were among the number of those to whom the failure of the first attempt to lay the cable was a personal disappointment and severe trial.

On her return to England the *Susquehanna* was again ordered to the Mediterranean. Captain Sands had received information that an American vessel had been seized by the Barbary pirates; he made a demonstration against the supposed aggressors, but nothing seems to have come of it. After a brief visit to Algiers and Genoa, he received orders to return to the home station, and accordingly weighed anchor and made sail westward in October of last year.

His first destination in America was Nicaragua, where his business was to assist in intercepting Walker and the filibusters in Nicaragua. The heat and burden of this business devolved, as it happened, upon Commodore Paulding. The part reserved for the *Susquehanna* was that of a mere spectator. The visit to Central America was, however, destined to be a memorable event in her history.

The *Susquehanna* was lying in the harbor of Greytown, which at that time was singularly unhealthy. Apprehensions of the consequences had for some time been entertained by the officers, but nothing appeared to justify them till about the middle of March, when several of the ship's company were seized with fits of vomiting. On 23d March a sailor died of a disease which was pronounced to be Chagres fever. Other cases appearing, the ship was ordered to sea. At first the change of air appeared to have been attended with excellent results. The disease almost disappeared from the ship, and she came to anchor afresh in the harbor of Greytown, with but slight traces of sickness on board.

But on 30th March the epidemic reappeared with increased virulence. On the night of the 1st April four officers and some forty men were attacked, and the peril became imminent. A council of officers was at once held by Captain Sands, and all present concurred in his opinion that the ship should be run to the nearest United States port, which was Pensacola. Steam was immediately got up, and she was headed for that place. But before forty-eight hours had elapsed it was discovered that the vessel was short of both coals and medicines. Of the former she had not enough to reach Pensacola under steam. It was, therefore, decided to abandon the idea of reaching a United States port, but to run for the nearest place, which was Jamaica, then some four hundred miles distant. All possible steam was made, and the vessel was put to the test to reach Port Royal as soon as possible.

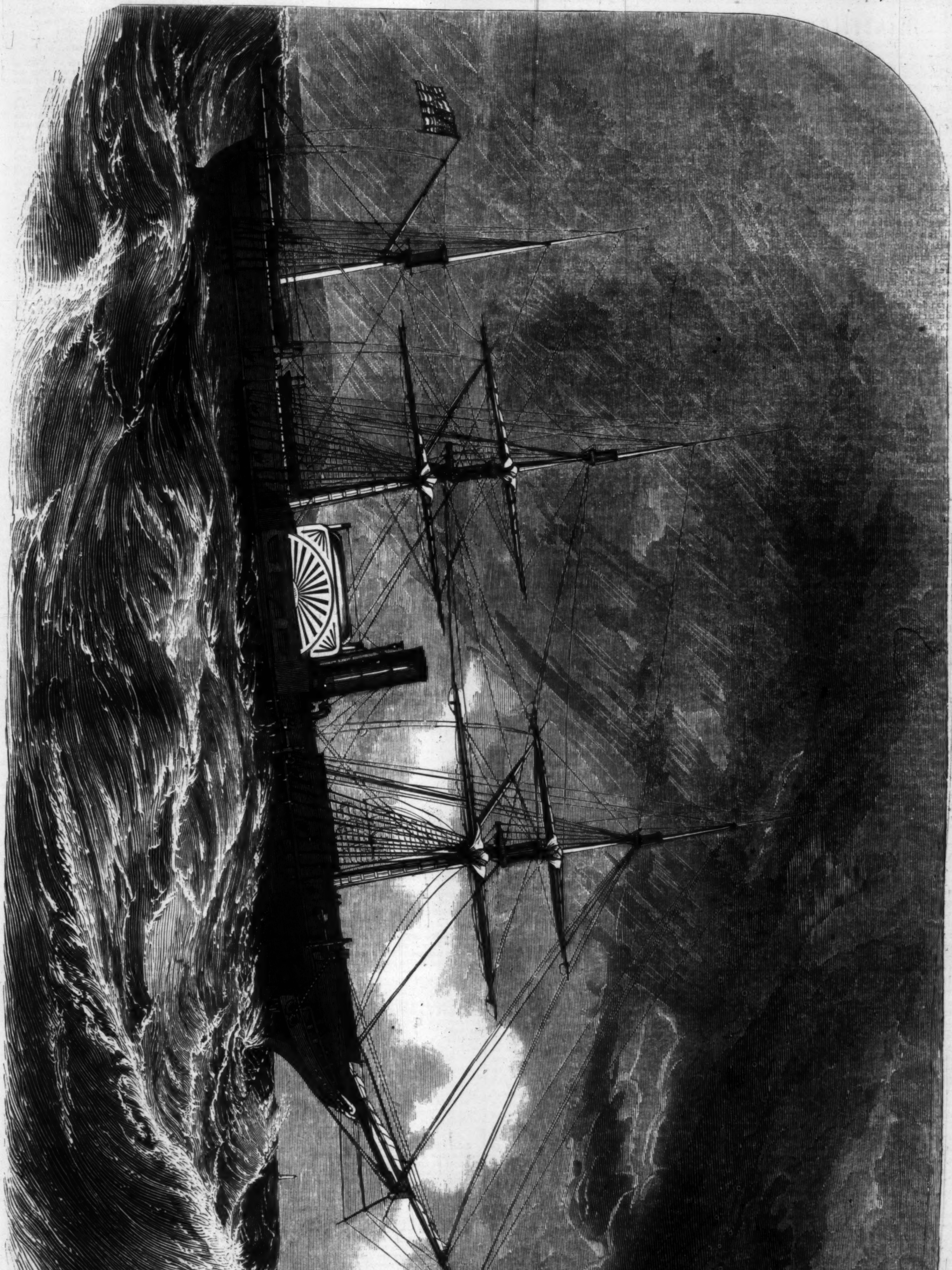
She made Port Royal on the night of the 5th, and a communication was instantly sent to the British Admiral, Sir Houston Stewart, stating her unhappy condition. The English officer behaved in the most handsome and generous manner. "He gave orders," to borrow the language of one of our countrymen on board the *Susquehanna*, "at once that the naval hospital on shore should be put in order for the reception of our sick. These orders were most faithfully carried out by the surgeons, who worked all night, so that by eight o'clock in the morning six officers and fifty-seven men were transported to the hospital, where every thing was provided for their comfort that would tend to their recovery.

"The boats of the English squadron from the *Indus*, *Imaum*, and *Devastation* nobly assisted in this duty; they even came provided with cots for the sick men. Surely such conduct deserves some suitable acknowledgment from Congress. Vice-Admiral Stewart, by this one act of humanity, has won for himself a reputation that will contribute more to his fame than all the battles he has been engaged in, covering a long and brilliant career.

"Commodore Kellett also comes in for his share of our thanks and gratitude. All hail to these noble-hearted Englishmen, who generously risked their lives in saving the crew of this vessel; for they did not hesitate to place themselves in contact with the sick when occasion demanded it."

The *Susquehanna* left as soon as possible for New York, having on board Dr. Rhodes, a medical officer of the British Navy, who gallantly volunteered to assist her surgeons at the risk of his life. We are glad to notice that the Senate of the United States has testified its appreciation of his noble behavior by admitting him to a seat on the floor.

The *Susquehanna* was placed in quarantine on arrival here. She still lies in the lower bay. She is a noble ship; as well fitted to perform her part in war—as her heavy guns will warrant—as she is calculated to do credit to our navy by her admirable build and the perfect discipline established by Captain Sands.



THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA."

Miscellany.

Wags and Wits,
where they make a business of that which was intended to be merely a relaxation, may be likened to lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others.

The *fêtes* to which a professional wit is invited only afford an excuse to the Fates for shortening his thread. He finds it no joke to be always joking; his stomach and his convivial reputation are apt to fail him at the same time; his jests die because he can not digest; so many good things have gone into his mouth that none can come out of it; and at last, like poor Yorick, also

"A fellow of infinite jest,"

he is forced to try solitary conclusions with grim Death, who has but a dull ear for a joke.

Wit is a phenomenon the explanation of which has puzzled many wits, and dullards too. To answering the question,

What is Wit?

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books—and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me." But he was certainly funny.

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied,

"You have only to open your mouth, Madame."

This, if witty, was also ill-natured.

Wit and Sarcasm
were united when Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "'Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?'" Chatham rose, and said, "Why did not the noble Lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

It was coarse wit when Lord Byron, who was groaning with agony from a severe attack of colic, and exclaiming, "Lord help me! I am dying," was told by Trelawney, "not to make such an infernal fuss about dying."

Luttrell tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase "on the contrary" to every thing he said; a gentleman saying to him, "So I hear, Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No," replied Sir Francis, "you are mistaken; on the contrary—" "What the devil," said Luttrell, "does the *contrary of eating* three eggs mean?" "*Laying* them, of course!" said Sheridan. This was ready wit.

The Philanthropist,
says a recent reviewer of the life of John Howard,

is necessarily an abnormal personage. If there were no loose screws in the order of things we should not want him, and he would not exist. But screws *are* loose—he *is* wanted—he *does* exist. The proof of the reality of his vocation is made when he does his work well. Let him have credit for that, and let his shortcomings in what is simply affectional be tenderly dealt with. *But let them be recognized.* For the sake of all that is dearest to human nature—for the sake of that Eternal Love which is the eldest-born of things, to which Chance and Change are subject, and to which Philanthropy herself must bow—let it be understood, and never smothered up out of respect for any man, that the pumping of human tenderness into artificially-cut reservoirs and channels—the systematization of its goings, the tabulation of its doings—is full of peril. The love that is divine is like the wind; you "hear the sound thereof, but can not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." There have been "philanthropists," doubtless, whose private selfishness has not been flagrant. I can conceive some reader saying to me, "My dear Sir, I know a philanthropist, and I am sure he has a happy home. Go and cross-examine his wife! Ask, 'Is your husband attentive, kind, punctual, chaste, good-tempered, pious, watchful over your welfare, and the children's?' and she will answer, 'Yes.' Well, what more do you want?" My very gentle reader, what I want more is precisely what can not be formularized, and yet is the very staff, and stay, and human bread of life of these stupid, obstinate women's hearts. I will dispense with that clever catechism of yours. I will ask the little wife one single question: "Dear madam, is your heart utterly *satisfied* with your husband's love, so that it rings through every chamber of it like the vibrations of a bell, without your being able to give any account of the matter?" If the little woman will kiss the book, and say "Yes," I will let her philanthropic husband off, and say he's—a phœnix.

—Let your wife be your
Help-mate.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

—There are two kinds of
Envy.

In the base mind it degenerates into downright hatred of a superior, with a desire to deprive him of what the envious one can not possess; while in a noble soul it goes no farther than emulation, or a desire to equal or surpass the person in question. Oh, how subtle and almost imperceptible the difference between the seed of one's virtues and vices!

—Is not this, from Sir Thomas Overbury, a fresh and fair description of
"A Fair and Happy Milkmaid?"

She is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physics out of countenance. She knows a *fair look* is but a *dumb orator to commend virtue*, therefore minds it not. All her *excellences stand in her so silently*, as if they had *stolen upon her without her knowledge*. Though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, by long lying in bed, spoil both her complexion and condition; she rises with chanticleer, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry spinning-wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, fearing no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Thus lives she—and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time and have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

—Lord Monboddo asserted that man was but a tail-less monkey—that is to say, an animal. Some men may be animals; but *mankind* are of a different sort. There is—as Sydney Smith shows—a wide difference between
Instinct and Talent.

All the wonderful instincts of animals, which, in my humble opinion, are proved beyond a doubt, and the belief in which has not decreased with the increase of science and investigation—all these instincts are given them only for the combination or preservation of their species. If they had not these instincts they would be swept off the earth in an instant. The bee, that understands architecture so well, is as stupid as a pebble-stone out of his own particular business of making honey; and with all his talents, he only exists that boys may eat his labors and poets sing about them—"ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias." A peasant girl of ten years old puts the whole republic to death with a little smoke, their palaces are turned into candles, and every clergyman's wife makes mead wine of the honey; and there is an end of the glory and wisdom of the bees! Whereas, man has talents that have no sort of reference to his existence, and without which his species might remain upon earth in the same safety as if they had them not. The bee works at that particular angle which saves most time and labor, and the boasted edifice he is constructing is only for his egg; but Somerset House, and Blenheim, and the Louvre, have nothing to do with breeding. Epic poems, and Apollo Belvideres, and Venus de Medicis, have nothing to do with living and eating. We might have discovered pignuts without the Royal Society, and gathered acorns without reasoning about curves of the ninth order. The immense superfluity of talent given to man, which has no bearing upon animal life, which has nothing to do with the mere preservation of existence, is one very distinguishing circumstance in this comparison. There is no other animal but man to whom mind appears to be given for any *other* purpose than the preservation of the body.

—Your good conversationalist is doubtless a most agreeable man; and beyond peradventure, a man who can't talk at all has no business in society. But whether it is best to study
Conversation, as an Art,
is a questionable matter. Henry Taylor says, in his *Notes from Life*:

Conversation is, in truth, an exercise very dangerous to the understanding when practiced in any large measure as an art or an amusement. To be ready to speak before he has time to think, to say something apt and specious—something which he may very well be *supposed* to think, when he has nothing to say that he really does think—to say what is consistent with what he has said before, to touch topics lightly and let them go—these are the arts of a conversationalist; of which, perhaps, the last is the worst, because it panders to all the others. Nothing is searched out by conversation of this kind; nothing is heartily believed, whether by those who say it or by those who hear it. It may be easy, graceful, clever, and sparkling, and bits of knowledge may be plentifully tossed to and fro in it; but it will be vain and unprofitable; it may cultivate a certain micacious, sandy surface of the mind, but all that lies below will be unmoved and unsunned. To say that it is vain and unprofitable is, indeed, to say too little; for the habit of thinking with a view to conversational effects, will inevitably corrupt the understanding, which will never again be sound or sincere.

—There have been some heavy settling days lately—and some which were no settling days at all. Few debtors, we will wager, have put off their load so easily and gracefully as did
Mr. Wilkins Micawber,
when on the eve of his departure for the new world of the antipodes, the land of vast sheep farms and unreclaimed convicts—in short, for Australia.

"One thing more I have to do before this separation is complete, and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend Mr. Thomas Traddles has, on two several occasions, 'put his name,' if I may use a common expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left—let me say, in short, in the lurch. The fulfillment of the second has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation"—here Mr. Micawber carefully referred to papers—"was, I believe, twenty-three, four, nine and a half; of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, eighteen, six, two. These sums, united, make a total, if my calculation is correct, amounting to forty-one, ten, eleven and a half. My friend Copperfield will perhaps do me the favor to check that total?" I did so, and found it correct. "To leave this metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have, therefore, prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I now hold in my hand, a document, which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand to my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles my I O U for forty-one, ten, eleven and a half; and I am happy to recover my moral dignity, and to know that I once more walk erect before my fellow-man!" With this introduction (which greatly affected him) Mr. Micawber placed his I O U in the hands of Traddles, and said he wished him well in every relation of life. I am persuaded, not only that this was quite the same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money, but that Traddles himself hardly knew the difference until he had time to think about it.

Congregation:

A public assemblage where all the performers are professors, but where very few of the professors are performers.

Coquette:

A female general who builds her fame on her advances. She may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.

—Walter Savage Landor has recently given to the world what he calls
A Fagot of Dry Sticks,
of which there are some individual sticks which we think it not amiss to stick up here:

THE SHORTEST DAY.

The day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown!)
Is that when we have met and you have gone.

FEAR.

I fear a little girl I know;
Were I but younger I were bolder
Diana! I would break thy bow
In twain across her ivory shoulder.

HEARTS-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you.
Hearts-ease . . of all Earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

OLIM.

Do and permit whate'er you will
With others, I shall love you still.
Heaven grant we may not love the most
When to each other we are lost!

WITH FLOWERS.

The Goddess of Beauty, who loves early hours,
Awakened the Graces to gather yon flowers:
The Goddess of Wisdom comes later, and says,
"Those wither; take mine; they shall last all your days."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Kirwan says that a pious Scotchman used to pray—"O Lord, keep me right; for thou knowest if I go wrong *it is very hard to turn me.*"

"Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another!"

No truth is more obvious than that mere intellectual culture does not secure a noble character; and does not prevent the commission of crime.

"I see," said a young lady, "that some printers advertise blank declarations for sale; I wish I could get one." "Why?" asked the mother. "Because, ma, Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him; and, perhaps, if I could fill a blank declaration, he would sign it."

THE PAINTER'S CALENDAR.

Artistic Operations for the Month of April.

Now look after purchasers, and "stick" them, if possible, with a picture. Pot your patrons; the greenest are the most profitable for cultivation. Set your new works on walls with a good aspect, sow your invitation-cards broadcast, and clear your rooms for visitors. Earwig critics, and plant puffs judiciously in shady corners, avoiding exposure.

POLITICAL NATURAL HISTORY.

Clever Child. "What's the difference, Pa, between a Tory and a Conservative?"

Savage Father. "Precisely the same difference, my dear, that there is between a Crocodile and an Alligator—that's all!"

A CHANSON FOR CANTON.

John Chinaman a rogue is born,
The laws of truth he holds in scorn;
About as great a brute as can
Encumber the earth is John Chinaman.
Sing Yeh, my cruel John Chinaman,
Sing Yeo, my stubborn John Chinaman;
Not Cobden himself can take off the ban
By humanity laid on John Chinaman.

With their little pig-eyes and their large pig-tails,
And their diet of rats, dogs, slugs, and snails,
All seems to be game in the frying-pan
Of that nasty feeder, John Chinaman.
Sing lie-tea, my sly John Chinaman,
No fightee, my coward John Chinaman;
John Bull has a chance—let him, if he can,
Somewhat open the eyes of John Chinaman.

A Pennsylvania dentist offers a prize of a silver cup to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted by him. "Teeth extracted for one dollar per dozen."

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"My birth-day!"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ear!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old!
And as youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING EXPENSES.

Hard was I driven, through many a stony way,
To bring my daughter to a wedding day;
But thought not, till I gave away my idol,
I ever should be saddled with the *bridal*.

The following illustration is given of the wit of Mirza Mohammed Ibrahim, the Oriental scholar who filled for fifteen years the chair of Persian at Haileybury: "Dining, one day, with a gentleman well known for his conviviality, the decanters halted so long before the Mirza, that the host exclaimed, with a little impatience, 'Pass the bottle, Mirza; what do you call, in Persian, the man who stops the wine?' 'We call him Mohammed,' said the Mirza, with a quiet smile."

It is said that Napoleon, when he was asked by Dr. O'Meara if he really thought he could have invaded England at the time he threatened to do so, answered in the following anagram—"Able was I ere I saw Elba." Whether this is true or not, we should like to see a more ingenious and extended anagram.

A new name has been invented for those people who used to be briefly denominated sots, or, with greater verbosity, habitual drunkards. They are now called, by medical writers, "dipsomaniacs;" that is to say, maniacs who are thirsty-mad. Now the fact is, that such persons are so far from being thirsty-mad, that, as the nigger phrase is, they "drinkee for drunkee," and do not, at all, in any measure, "drinkee for dry." With real accuracy in view, and etymological propriety out of the question, they might more scientifically be styled tipsymaniacs.

"This tenement to let. Inquire next door." The place was in a dilapidated, wretched condition. Bannister, however, inquired the rent, etc. These particulars gained, he asked,

"Do you let any thing with it?"

"No," was the reply: "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the wit, "if you let it alone, it will tumble down!"

Found dead—dead and alone:
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear.
Found dead—dead and alone—
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone!

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one, replying, asked, very earnestly, "How big is your lot?"

One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or any where else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Maine. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread!"

"I say, Jim," said a plowman, the other day, to his companion, "I know of a new-fashioned Mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What is that?" "Why, if you eat a red herring in the morning, for breakfast, you'll be dry all the day."

If John Smith should, while crossing Brown's vacant lot, happen to fall and tear his pantaloons, who is responsible for the ground rent thus created—he or Brown? and could Brown compel Smith to settle the rent with a potato patch?

A few days since, an Irishman brought some trivial charge against a fellow-emigrant from the Green Isle, and obtained a warrant from Justice Osborne for his arrest. Next morning he called upon the Judge and said, "Yer honor, has the warrant against Mr. Flanaghan been served yit?" The Judge replied that he believed not. "Then, yer honor," replied Pat, "mind yer eye, I niver want it served." "Why not?" asked the magistrate. "Because, ye see, *the man is dead and buried, sure*, for he died last Tuesday, yer honor."

The reply of a prominent temperance prohibition law advocate to a question put to him the other day as to "how the controversy stood between the rum-sellers and temperance men," was quite to the point. He said that "temperance never had more law nor the rum-sellers more liquor than at present."

Bob Sawyer was asked the other day, while preparing a dose of "wolatilly" for a "wictim" in the neighborhood, whether he danced the Lancers. "No," replied that gentleman, pausing for an instant in his pleasing occupation, "I lance the dancers."

"Why can one not eat half a cake?"—"Because you can't eat your cake and have (halve) it."

"One word more, and I have done." How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker at public meetings! It is always a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start.

"There is a malady common to savages in certain parts of the world, which is termed 'earth-hunger.' It provokes an incessant craving for clay—a species of food which fails to satisfy the appetite, and impairs the digestion." So says a London periodical, relative to the constant craving for more food of the East India Company. We would suggest that the same malady is not altogether unknown in this country.

A theological professor, speaking of Balaam's ass, says it is wrong to doubt that the ass spoke like a man, when we daily hear so many men speak like asses.

How many young men are carried away by a fine, musical, charming voice—a pretty, light-footed, reeling ball-room dancer—a lazy, lounging, street-yarning flirt—an oily-tongued, hollow-hearted, deceptive piano-pounder, and regret their folly when, alas, too late!

A late traveler, in speaking of Austria, says that one-half of the people are under arms to keep the other half in jail.

"A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But since he can't, does all he can,
To let you know he's not a man."

A very charming daughter of one of the "solid men of Boston," being at a ball a few evenings since, was solicited by a combination of mustache, starch, and broadcloth for the honor of her hand in a dance, to which solicitation she returned an affirmative answer. In a subsequent conversation the aforesaid combination inquired her father's business. "He is a wood-sawyer," she replied. The fellow sloped, feeling that he had let himself down a foot or two by the association. The lady's father was a wealthy dealer in mahogany, which occasionally has to be sawed.

Roger Gale, in a letter dated August, 1739, says that he saw the following satire on Scotland in a window at Belford, England:

Cain, in disgrace with heaven, retired to Nod,
A place, undoubtedly, as far from God
As Cain could wish; which makes some think he went
As far as Scotland ere he pitched his tent;
And there a city built, of ancient fame,
Which he from Eden, Edinburgh did name.

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together can not pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

Foote once asked a man without a sense of tune in him, "Why are you forever humming that tune?"

"Because it haunts me," was the reply.

"No wonder," answered Foote, "you are forever murdering it."

THE TEST OF VULGARITY.—The man who would *encore* a song is fully capable of sending up his plate twice for soup.—*Jeames.*

BRANDY IN A BAD WAY.—Commercial intelligence from Paris states that "Brandies give no sign of life." If that is the case, Brandy appears to be in danger of losing the title of *Eau de Vie.*

EARLY RISING.—I hold that it is not natural. With men, as with peas, early rising is all a matter of forcing. *Pelham Le Second.*

DIVORCE.—Cutting for fresh partners.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, May* 10, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were quite heavy during the week for Flour and Wheat, which were more freely offered than they were required by purchasers. Prices closed decidedly lower, with a downward tendency. The demand was mainly for home use. There was not much inquiry for export. The advanced rates of freight checked shipments.....Corn was in moderate supply and fair request, without any remarkable change in prices....Rye, Barley, and Oats favor buyers, yet they were not freely dealt in....Cotton opened with considerable vigor, but closed tamely and languidly....A livelier business has been transacted in Groceries, and firmer prices were obtained for Coffee, Teas, and Sugars.... Provisions attracted less attention, and closed heavily, with a downward tendency in prices of hog products.... Hay and Hops were moderately dealt in, as were also Tobacco and Wool, at essentially unchanged figures.... The movements in Dry Goods were moderate. Desirable fabrics continued rather scarce, with increasing firmness in prices. Old goods and unattractive styles were very dull and irregular in value....The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $759,843 against $990,815 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $17,357,669 against $38,954,207 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 35
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 95	@	4 25
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 20	@	6 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 20	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 45	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 50
Corn Meal, per barrel..................	3 40	@	3 85
White Wheat, per bushel.............	1 05	@	1 30
Red Wheat, per bushel	87	@	1 15
New Crop Corn, per bushel	71	@	74
Rye, per bushel	66	@	67
Barley, per bushel....................	56	@	64
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	47
State Oats, per bushel...............	42	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	37	@	42
Southern Oats, per bushel............	30	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¼	@	12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel..................	18 30	@	18 50
Prime Pork, per barrel................	14 75	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 50	@	11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	8 00	@	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6¼	@	9¼
Lard, per pound.......................	11¼	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound...............	16	@	28
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	23
Cheese, per pound.....................	6¼	@	8¼
Rice, per 100 pounds..................	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound.................	9¼	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	22	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35	@	36¼
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60½
Oolong Teas, per pound..............	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	20¼	@	—
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds............	40	@	65
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound.......	5	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49	@	49¼
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@	1 55
American Fleece Wool	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	20	@	33
Kentucky Tobacco	6¼	@	16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were quite heavy for Beeves, which were plentier and a shade cheaper, yet purchased reservedly....Milch Cows were in very moderate demand, and without improvement in price ....Veal Calves were abundant and in limited request at irregular rates....Sheep and Lambs were more freely offered, yet they were not more sought after, and prices tended downward....Swine were less inquired for, and they declined a shade....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *April 28.*	Week ending *May 5.*
Beeves....................	3,229	3,463
Milch Cows	341	248
Veal Calves	1,632	1,238
Sheep and Lambs	4,068	6,115
Swine	7,141	8,164

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois..............	1247	Iowa................	128
Ohio................	623	Pennsylvania	69
Indiana	339	Michigan	60
New York..........	205	Virginia	54
Kentucky	138		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound ..	$ 7¼	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	6¼
Sheep and Lambs, per head.........	2 00	@	11 00
" " per pound..........	9	@	12
Live Swine, per pound..............	5¼	@	6
Dressed " "	6¼	@	7¼
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 25	@	2 50

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel.....................	$4 00	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound..............	5¼	@	6¼
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound...............	20	@	22
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 00
Beans, per barrel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel...............	1 00	@	3 25
" per bushel........................	70	@	80
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel .	—	@	5 00
" sweet, per barrel..................	—	@	5 00
Onions, old, per barrel	1 15	@	1 45
" new, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	—
Turnips, per barrel.....................	50	@	65
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	—
Carrots, per barrel......................	1 75	@	2 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches..............	4 00	@	5 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches.............	4 50	@	10 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches............	3 00	@	3 50
Spinach, per barrel.....................	1 25	@	1 50
Green Peas, per barrel	4 50	@	5 50
Tomatoes, per box......................	1 50	@	—
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	9¼	@	10¼
Chickens, per pair......................	60	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound.......................	12	@	14
Fowls, per pair..........................	88	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound....................	15	@	18
Geese, per pound.......................	11	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25
Plover, per pair..........................	35	@	40
Snipe, per pair...........................	45	@	50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, May* 10, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 8, 1858	$2,130,472....	$1,613,679
Corresponding week, 1857	5,205,597....	1,693,860
Decrease.............	$3,075,125....	$80,181

The export of specie was only $104,050 against an export last year of over a million. The banks, which showed over thirty-five millions last Monday, are not likely to show any less this evening; while, on Wednesday, another California arrival will be due. It is possible that from three to five millions may be transferred from the banks to the Sub-Treasury when the new loan (for which the tenders are to be opened to-day) is awarded. Money grows easier each successive week; many persons are now talking of three per cent. as a likely rate for money in June and July. Exchange on England, though fluctuating, does not rise to the specie point.

It is understood that the New York bids for the new Treasury bills ($5,000,000 in all) amount to the large aggregate of $16,400,000.

Stocks have been very quiet during the week, but closed on Saturday with rather a firmer tendency.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

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Illustrated by Twenty-three Engravings.
TROPICAL JOURNEYINGS.
Illustrated by Twenty-two Engravings.
THE MICROSCOPE.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
DEAR HUNTING.
OLD AND NEW STYLE.
OUR SONS.
ESTHER BENNETT'S LOVE AND HATE.
A NIGHT SCENE. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
A NEST OF CAVALIERS.
AN INCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS. By Mrs. GASKELL.
IN ARTICULO MORTIS.
A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
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FASHIONS FOR JUNE.
Illustrations: Promenade Costume and Boy's Dress.—Lace Berthe.—Bathing Dress.—Under-Sleeve.

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